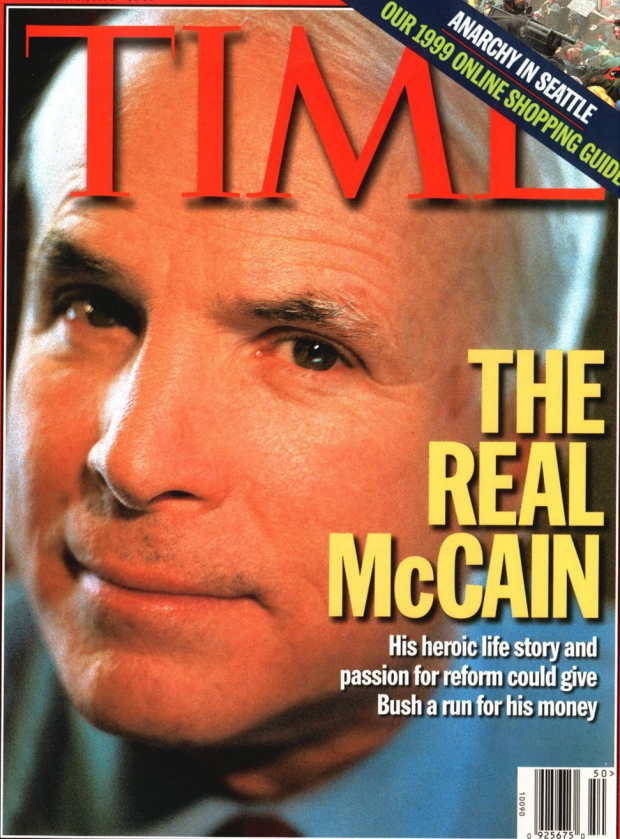


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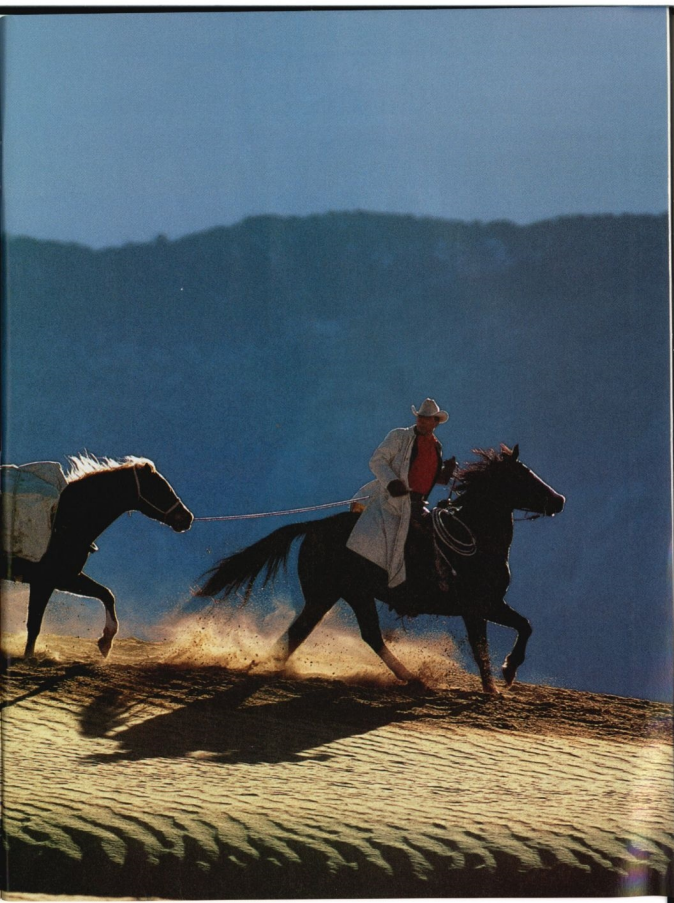
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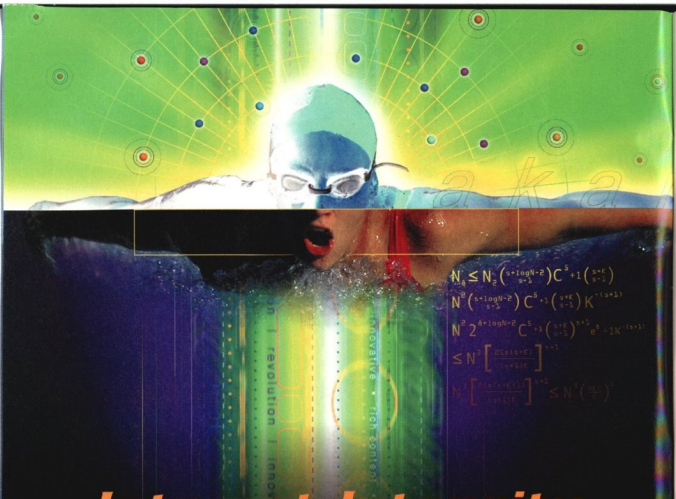


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Streetless in Seattle: How trade talks got down to police action (see BUSINESS)



McCain the Candidate: Does he have more than just a great bio? (see COVER)



Fantasia 2K: Disney's new marriage of cartoons and classics (see THE ARTS)

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COVER: Photograph for TIME by Gregory Heisler

INSET: Photograph by Paul Joseph Brown—Seattle Post Intelligencer

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Steve Lopez/Minneapolis

A Safe Place to Be Till The Folks Calm Down

A new kind of shelter helps troubled parents stop child abuse before it starts

ANITA INAMAGUA REMEMBERS every detail from that day in July. She was standing frozen in the kitchen of her home in Minneapolis, Minn., and she was every parent who has come within an inch of losing her temper. Vicente, her 3-year-old, with the body of a bull and the smile of an angel, had taken a jug of milk and painted the floor white. He then dumped a

the edge could leave their children for as many as three days at a stretch, at no charge. From the start, it had a full house almost every night. And so they opened another one last February, just north of the city. It too has a full house almost every night. The calls come in 24 hours a day, more than 4,000 altogether last year.

This is no glorified babysitting service. Mom can't swing



Anita Inamagua tugs young Vicente at her tiny home in Minneapolis

million cases of child abuse and neglect in 1997; more than 1,000 deaths. Senator Paul Wellstone, a Minnesota Democrat, has introduced a bill to restore cuts in federal funding for crisis nurseries. Is it possible parents can abuse such a service? Maybe, says A. Sidney Johnson, president of Prevent Child Abuse America. "But we need to err on the side of protecting the child."

Sara Pearson was working the phones at the crisis nursery the day Anita called about little Vicente. Anita had used the service before, so Pearson knew her story: the rocky marriage, the learning-disabled kids, the paycheck that barely covers the bills even when her husband works two jobs. "She loves her children, and I know she's trying," says Pearson, 28, a former Peace Corps worker. Anita, 29, has six children, but Yorlalis is 9 and Jessica 8, and the nursery takes kids 6 and under only. So Anita brought in Yoel, 4; Vicente, 3; Edwin, 2; and Romeo, 1.

The boys did fine over the next three days. With 90 paid staff members, private contri-

butions that cover 80% of the budget, and 600 volunteers, the nursery gives each child lots of attention. Yoel loved the mashed potatoes. Vicente kept falling off the bed at naptime, keeping his brothers awake. On the third day, Yoel woke from a nap in tears, as if he knew what was going on at home.

"This marriage is broken," Anita sighed in her living room, and her husband acknowledged their troubles. Vicente Sr., 26, fidgeted with a piece of clay. A short-order cook with a knack for sculpting, he molded a strikingly good devil. Anita reached for something to wipe her tears, and the nearest thing was a small flag of her husband's native Ecuador.

The day after the kids came home from the nursery, Anita and her husband argued, he stormed away, and Vicente Jr. emptied the refrigerator onto the floor again. Anita screamed, at her flashpoint once more, and in the weeks that followed she saw little hope for change.

But Pearson, with saintly resolve, stuck with the case, stopping by the house and appealing to Anita's fortitude. "My husband and I are both in counseling," Anita says. The kids are in Head Start. Romeo is walking. And Vicente Jr. has stopped playing with his food.

For more photographs and audio clips, visit our website at time.com/amscene



A caseworker at the crisis nursery comforts the Inamagua children

jar of pickles into the mess.

Anita dug her fingers into her eyes to stop the shower of sparks. Several years earlier, when she had felt the same welling rage, a wallop left welts on her oldest daughter's arm. So this time Anita retreated, picked up the phone and called for help. And the calming voice at the other end of the line almost broke her in half. Anita, an imperfect parent like most, wept tears of sorrow and relief.

The place that rescued Anita and her kids that day was the Greater Minneapolis Crisis Nursery, which opened in 1983 as a haven where parents on

by with a sob story about the pressures of modern parenting, unload her brood and zip off to the spa. The screening questions are intense, and parents—75% of whom earn less than \$10,000 a year—have to map out a recovery plan. If there's a hint of abuse, a call goes out to the county child-welfare authorities.

Dozens of such centers now operate around the U.S., says Jill Kagan of the National Respite Coalition, and there is mounting evidence that without them, the U.S. tally of bumps, bruises and worse would be even more shameful than it is: more than a



A rested Anita is reunited with her baby

“She loves her children, and I know she’s trying.” —SARA PEARSON OF THE CRISIS NURSERY

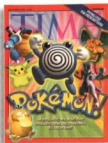
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LETTERS



The Pokémon Invasion

“Kids fall in love with Pokémon because it presents youth as dignified and important, something young people desperately want.”

MILDRED VONHILDEGARDE
Narrowsburg, N.Y.

YOUR ARTICLE ON THE POKÉMON CRAZE [ARTS, Nov. 22] noted many of the reasons that children are drawn to this imaginary world of battling pocket monsters—the charm of the characters, the addictiveness of the game, the challenge of collecting the cards and a child's innate urge to acquire. But one of the most powerful aspects of this phenomenon is Ash, the hero of the TV series. He attains something real children yearn for—independence and control over relationships. Ash leaves home on the noble quest to become a Pokémon master. He achieves this by using his wits to capture superintelligent “pets” and training them to become obedient, skillful fighters. How many of us remember that as children, we wished we could tell our friends and family what to do without the risk of losing their love?

MELISSA HAMILTON
Peachtree City, Ga.

POKÉMON-CRAZED YOUNGSTERS SHOULD go to their closet and look at the Power Rangers and Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles they never play with anymore. Then they'll see that they won't be using their Pokémon stuff in six months. Keep your money, kids.

JEREMY REGULA
Hudson, N.H.

FOR KIDS TO IDLE AWAY THEIR TIME with this Pokémon nonsense is ludicrous. What good is there in it? The cards, the show, the game, the movie—where will it all end? It's sad to see youngsters in this advanced culture waste their time on something that will not benefit them later in life. It's ridiculous.

CLINT HERSCHEL
Bradenton, Fla.

I OBSERVED MY NIECE AND NEPHEW, AGES 7 and 8, as they played with their Pokémon cards with a neighborhood friend. Without knowing it, they were learning and developing some very important life

skills—memory, math, spelling, vocabulary, negotiation, competition and teamwork. While there are less materialistic ways to acquire and develop these various skills, it was quite interesting to watch them play.

KAREN ANN MILLER
New Orleans

I'M CONVINCED THAT YOUR MAGAZINE is nothing more than an advertising outlet for your parent company, Time Warner. As the mother of young children exposed to the Pokémon craze, I read your cover anticipating reinforcement for or at least an explanation of whether my parental decision to limit Pokémon in my household was warranted. Instead, I read an article—or should I say advertisement—with little investigation into the influence such commercial games have on children. There seems to be a trend in your magazine to advertise upcoming Time Warner movie releases without much newsworthy information.

MARY KAY BATTAGLIA
Anchorage

NO COMPLAINTS HERE

I have a Pokémon-crazed brother. He buys cards, plays the game, watches the TV show, buys the food, sees the movie, gets the toys and rents the videos. One would think this is as bad as being hooked on drugs, but it does have its plus side. My brother is so addicted to Pokémon that my parents force him to do all sorts of stuff around the house so he can fuel his Pokémon habit! He rakes leaves and does various other chores. So I think Pokémon is a good thing. After all, he's made it so that I don't have to do as much work anymore.

Alan Zilberman, age 15
Columbia, Md.

POKÉMON CANNOT POSSIBLY RUB OFF NEGATIVELY on the children who watch the show or movie. On your cover, you questioned, “For many kids it's now an addiction ... Is it bad for them?” Pokémon, unlike so many other things, is a positive addiction. I would rather have my child fixated on Pokémon than getting into drugs, alcohol or vandalism.

JOSH HAMERMAN
Scotch Plains, N.J.

U.S. CONSUMERS HAVE A RAPACIOUS APPETITE for products, especially imported ones. Children have an addiction to Pokémon, just as their parents have an insatiable appetite for foreign-made luxury cars. With such examples, how can our kids be expected to curb their wants?

NICHOLAS J. GRECO
Rockville, Md.

LOOKS AS IF POKÉMON FEVER DOESN'T stop at any one place. In Korea a company that produces pastry snacks made a new product that includes character stickers from the Pokémon series. Kids here are very interested in collecting all 151 stickers—actually, obsessed is the word for it. I have seen so many uneaten pastries thrown away because youngsters buy the product just to get the sticker inside. Money and food are being wasted, and yet children aren't aware that they are doing anything wrong.

HYUN JEE KIM, age 17
Seoul

ONCE UPON A TIME, NOT SO LONG AGO, children grew up listening to fairy tales like Cinderella, with enchanted castles and Prince Charmings. And today we can see a lot of stressed-out adults and an increase of violence around the world. If that is what happened to the people raised on pleasant fairy tales, what will be the case with Pokémon fanatics? How will obsession with this game affect the generation of the 3rd millennium?

ALEX O.R. DE LIMA
São Paulo, Brazil

Amazing Anime

THANKS FOR COVERING NOT ONLY POKÉMON but also anime, the Japanese animated films that are made for theaters, TV and home video [ARTS, Nov. 22]. As every American fan knows, Japanese animation is an eclectic art form. Anime can look like anything: kiddie fare (Pokémon), teenage fantasies (Gundam), bittersweet romance (Maison Ikkoku) and cyberpunk (Armitage). Now that the characters of Princess Mononoke and Perfect Blue have come to American theaters, the rest of the world will finally dis-

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LEE ZION
Fair Oaks, Calif.

AS A 33-YEAR-OLD AMERICAN WHO GREW up unknowingly addicted to Japanimation (*Astro Boy*, *Kimba the White Lion*, *Speed Racer*, *Star Blazers*, *Battle of the Planets*), I was pleased that you covered a topic near and dear to me. But the sad truth is that anime will never be fully appreciated in countries where limited imaginations restrict animation to a children's medium. Some of the best storytelling in the world continues to go unrecognized. In Japan, *manga* (graphic novels) and anime have long been recognized as important facets of modern

OUR YOUNG POKEFANS

Yep, it's true. Youngsters are now reading and trading copies of *TIME*—at least the one with the Pokémon cover (ARTS, Nov. 22). Several eyewitnesses sent us on-scene reports. Ian Schindelmann of Hewlett, N.Y., told of the reaction at his local newsstand. "I saw a group of



Pikachu

kids in the four- to 12-year-old age group buy out the newsstand and start trading the *TIME* issue on the spot!" Adds Schindelmann: "Now my five-year-old niece is begging



Jigglypuff

me for a subscription to your magazine as one of her holiday gifts." Dan Saffig of Eden Prairie, Minn., witnessed a similar frenzy: "When your

Pokémon issue arrived, my five- and six-year-old boys grabbed it, ran up to their room and closed the door. I haven't seen it since!"

Robyn Landow of New York City congratulated us on captivating perhaps *TIME*'s youngest new reader. Wrote Landow: "Recently my husband and I found our three-year-old busily leafing through the pages of your Pokémon issue. And he has yet to allow us to read the issue ourselves!" We at *TIME* are flattered by this unexpected response, but our aim was to cover the trend, not be a part of it.



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Japanese culture. Now if only we could get better translations of the Japanese tales into other languages so that they are truer to the original stories.

LISA HANNABACH
Ichikawa, Japan

Gates' Point of View

ONE STATEMENT MADE BY BILL GATES IN his talk with TIME [INTERVIEW, Nov. 22] clearly shows how the Microsoft CEO thinks. When asked about giving computer makers the right to tailor the opening screen, Gates said, "That's like saying you have a product called TIME magazine, but one distributor gets to rip out ads, and another one rips out some articles and puts in new ones." Gates' logic in this case is faulty because of the metaphor he selected. The Windows operating system is akin to the printing press rather than to TIME magazine. How would TIME feel if there were one company that held a monopoly on the manufacture of printing presses, and that company felt it had a right to dictate what could and could not be printed on all "its" presses? Clearly, TIME and every other publisher would be upset.

CHARLES C. CARO
Tampa, Fla.

THE FACT THAT GATES MUSCLED HIS WAY into acquiring immense monopolistic power is an indictment against the capitalist system of survival of the fittest. This economic system encourages the aggrandizement of wealth. It thrives on competition, profit, supply and demand. It is this system that gave Gates the driving force to compete, win and stay on top. How certain are we that free-market regulatory laws are clearly defined and easily understood? Perhaps it is time to take a second look at capitalism to ascertain how salubrious it really is.

CHIBUEZE O. ELECHI
Lagos

Why Not Teach Genesis?

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER MAY BE HEADING in the right direction in recommending the teaching of biblical fables in schools, but he didn't go far enough [ESSAY, Nov. 22]. I agree that Genesis should not replace evolution as a science, because it has nothing to do with science. I even agree that it should be taught in public schools, but only as comparative literature or in the context of other religious or mythological theories of creation. Even though the majority of students are Christian or Jewish,

teaching only one religion would be offensive to children who do not share that faith. That's why the Bible isn't taught in schools in the first place.

AJAX EASTMAN
Baltimore, Md.

KRAUTHAMMER NOTED THAT BIBLICAL creation should be brought in through the front door of schools because of its "mythic grandeur and moral dimensions." He wrote, "If we can assign the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, we should be able to assign *Genesis*." I certainly agree with his comparison of *Genesis* with Homer's epic poems. All three belong in schools, and they should be clearly taught as works that combine fictionalized events with historic material.

PHIL DOBBYN
Reading, Mass.

Racial Tensions in Decatur

RE JACK E. WHITE'S ARTICLE ON THE school dispute in Decatur, Ill., and the Rev. Jesse Jackson's intervention [DIVIDING LINE, Nov. 22]: Right-thinking people, black and white, should be able to see through Jackson's transparent motive when he gets involved and plays his familiar role of attempted intimidation.

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tion. Jackson has never shrunk from an opportunity to create sensational headlines. He misjudged the Decatur school board. He expected them to roll over and fawn. What Jackson believes to be "unfair" is the possibility that six young men will be held accountable for their bad behavior. It would be unfair to every educator and student for these thugs to avoid the consequences of their actions.

PETTON LINGLE
Darien, Ga.

WHAT ABOUT THE PARENTS OF THE TEENS involved in the Decatur football-game brawl? Where were they? Until the black leaders of this country begin to hold themselves and the parents in the community responsible, the situation won't get better. This problem of responsibility permeates the fabric of our society.

JACK COLLINS
Livonia, Mich.

SAY GOOD NIGHT, JESSE! THE COLLATERAL damage you have caused will be years in repairing. Photo ops, sound bites and a little fund raising have exacted a terrible cost from our community.

ROGER D. SPURLOCK
Decatur, Ill.

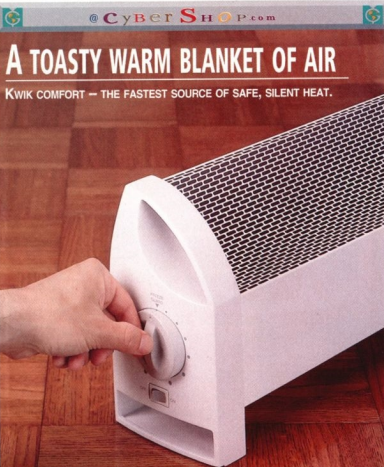
WHAT WAS THEIR LINE?



ADAMS

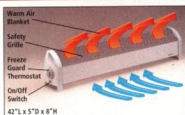
Our story "Primary Questions" opened with a reference to the jobs some American Presidents have held [CAMPAIGN 2000, Nov. 15].

Readers asked who among them was a nuclear engineer. (Hint: his initials are J.C.) But the mention of slightly off-beat occupations made us curious about the professions of other past Presidents. Many early leaders were planters or farmers, including George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Zachary Taylor. Andrew Johnson was trained to be a tailor, and Millard Fillmore a cloth dresser's apprentice. Herbert C. Hoover was a mining engineer. James A. Garfield drove canal-boat teams to earn school money. Not surprisingly, most Chief Executives were lawyers, including John Quincy Adams. But Adams had a healthy habit that most lawyers of his time did not indulge in—he took regular cold baths in the Potomac River.



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Tell your doctor if you have liver or kidney problems, or are pregnant. Also, VIOXX should not be used by women in late pregnancy.

VIOXX has been extensively studied in large clinical trials. Commonly reported side effects included upper respiratory infection, diarrhea, nausea and high blood pressure. Report any unusual symptoms to your doctor.

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You should read this information before you start taking VIOXX®. Also, read the leaflet each time you refill your prescription, in case any information has changed. This leaflet provides only a summary of certain information about VIOXX. Your doctor or pharmacist can give you an additional leaflet that is written for health professionals that contains more complete information. This leaflet does not take the place of careful discussions with your doctor. You and your doctor should discuss VIOXX when you start taking your medicine and at regular checkups.

What is VIOXX?

VIOXX is a nonsteroidal anti-inflammatory drug (NSAID) that is used to reduce pain and inflammation (swelling and soreness). VIOXX is available as a tablet or a liquid that you take by mouth.

VIOXX is a medicine for:

- relief of osteoarthritis (the arthritis caused by age-related "wear and tear" on bones and joints)
- management of acute pain in adults (like the short-term pain you can get after a dental or surgical operation)
- treatment of menstrual pain (pain during women's monthly periods).

Who should not take VIOXX?

Do not take VIOXX if you:

- have had an allergic reaction such as asthma attacks, hives, or swelling of the throat and face to aspirin or other NSAIDs (for example, ibuprofen and naproxen).
- have had an allergic reaction to rofecoxib, which is the active ingredient of VIOXX, or to any of its inactive ingredients. (See Inactive Ingredients at the end of this leaflet.)

What should I tell my doctor before and during treatment with VIOXX?

Tell your doctor if you are:

- pregnant or plan to become pregnant. VIOXX should not be used in late pregnancy because it may harm the fetus.
- breast-feeding or plan to breast-feed. It is not known whether VIOXX is passed through to human breast milk and what its effects could be on a nursing child.

Tell your doctor if you have:

- kidney disease
- liver disease
- heart failure
- high blood pressure
- had an allergic reaction to aspirin or other NSAIDs
- had a serious stomach problem in the past.

Tell your doctor about:

- any other medical problems or allergies you have now or have had.
- all medicines that you are taking or plan to take, even those you can get without a prescription.

Tell your doctor if you develop:

- ulcer or bleeding symptoms (for instance, stomach burning or black stools, which are signs of possible stomach bleeding).
- unexplained weight gain or swelling of the feet and/or legs.
- skin rash or allergic reactions. If you have a severe allergic reaction, get medical help right away.

How should I take VIOXX?

VIOXX should be taken once a day. Your doctor will decide what dose of VIOXX you should take and how long you should take it. You may take VIOXX with or without food.

Can I take VIOXX with other medicines?

Tell your doctor about all of the other medicines you are taking or plan to take while you are on VIOXX, even other medicines that you can get

without a prescription. Your doctor may want to check that your medicines are working properly together if you are taking other medicines such as:

- methotrexate (a medicine used to suppress the immune system)
- warfarin (a blood thinner)
- rifampin (an antibiotic)
- ACE inhibitors (medicines used for high blood pressure and heart failure).

What are the possible side effects of VIOXX?

Serious but rare side effects that have been reported in patients taking VIOXX and/or related medicines have included:

- Serious stomach problems, such as stomach and intestinal bleeding, can occur with or without warning symptoms. These problems, if severe, could lead to hospitalization or death. Although this happens rarely, you should watch for signs that you may have this serious side effect and tell your doctor right away.
- Serious kidney problems occur rarely in patients taking NSAIDs.
- Severe liver problems occur rarely in patients taking NSAIDs. Tell your doctor if you develop symptoms of liver problems. These include nausea, tiredness, itching, tenderness in the right upper abdomen, and flu-like symptoms.

More common, but less serious side effects reported with VIOXX have included the following:

Upper and/or lower respiratory infection and/or inflammation
 Headache
 Dizziness
 Diarrhea
 Nausea and/or vomiting
 Heartburn, stomach pain and upset
 Swelling of the legs and/or feet
 High blood pressure
 Back pain
 Tiredness
 Urinary tract infection.

These side effects were reported in at least 2% of osteoarthritis patients receiving daily doses of VIOXX 12.5 mg to 25 mg in clinical studies.

The side effects described above do not include all of the side effects reported with VIOXX. Do not rely on this leaflet alone for information about side effects. Your doctor or pharmacist can discuss with you a more complete list of side effects. Any time you have a medical problem you think may be related to VIOXX, talk to your doctor.

What else can I do to help manage my osteoarthritis pain?

Talk to your doctor about:

- Exercise
- Controlling your weight
- Hot and cold treatments
- Using support devices.

What else should I know about VIOXX?

This leaflet provides a summary of certain information about VIOXX. If you have any questions or concerns about VIOXX, osteoarthritis or pain, talk to your health professional. Your pharmacist can give you an additional leaflet that is written for health professionals.

Do not share VIOXX with anyone else; it was prescribed only for you. It should be taken only for the condition for which it was prescribed.

Keep VIOXX and all medicines out of the reach of children.

Inactive Ingredients:

Oral suspension: citric acid (monohydrate), sodium citrate (dihydrate), sorbitol solution, strawberry flavor, xanthan gum, sodium methylparaben, sodium propylparaben.

Tablets: croscarmellose sodium, hydroxypropyl cellulose, lactose, magnesium stearate, microcrystalline cellulose, and yellow ferric oxide.

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Albright on Arms Control

SECRETARY OF STATE MADELEINE ALBRIGHT is on target in saying that U.S. arms-control leadership is too important to risk in partisan fights [VIEWPOINT, Nov. 22]. However, in suggesting that the proposed National Missile Defense system could possibly deal with "potential threats from sources that are not rational," she is dabbling in the irrational. The only possible threat that might be thwarted by the limited NMD system (if everything worked perfectly) is a stray ballistic missile from some so-called rogue nation. The proposed NMD system would provide no defense at all against sea-launched cruise missiles, suitcase bombs or attack by chemical and biological weapons, and these are much more likely threats. The illusion of defense that NMD might provide would be more pork for Congress than protection for citizens.

RICHARD K. HEACOCK JR.
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
Alaska Impact
Fairbanks, Alaska

RATHER THAN CALLING FOR A "CONSENSUS," Albright seems to think everyone should come over to her view on the

TIME'S EXTENDED FAMILY



ROGER HEAR—CNN/RTIME



Don't miss this hourlong newsmagazine show on Sundays. Millions of Americans have no health insurance, but in Memphis, Tenn., the working poor have affordable health care thanks to Dr. Scott Morris, who found support for a unique clinic that has helped 30,000 patients. On CNN Dec. 12, at 9 p.m. (E.T.)



TIME's news and analysis at time.com, plus live interviews at time.com/community



TIME and CBS News' collection of profiles of the 20th century's 100 most influential people has just been published by Simon & Schuster in a 445-page book, *People of the Century: One Hundred Men and Women Who Shaped the Last One Hundred Years*. It is available now and would make a great gift. Buy it in bookstores or through an online bookseller.

Comprehensive Nuclear Test Ban Treaty. She stated, "We must put aside partisan distractions and work together now." Partisanship is not an intrinsically bad thing. There are two major political parties because people have legitimate differences of opinion. Within those differences, we ought to work for compromise. But it is hard to compromise when Albright writes that serious leaders in both parties should take her position. Her Viewpoint reflects what is wrong in the current partisan bickering. Instead of finding a middle road, she exalts her position as the sole right one.

E. SCOTT JONES
Shawnee, Okla.

Grape Powers

I READ YOUR STORY ON THE ANTIPODEAN wine industry with great interest [WORLD, Nov. 22]. I am a frequent visitor to Australia where I fell in love with its wines, and have for many years pursued this passion at home in the U.S. Most important in Britain has been the promotion of New World wines according to their varieties so drinkers can easily identify the types and staples of wine that appeal to them. Many arrogant European producers do not design to

inform the consumer what grapes go into their wines, with the consequent surprise (not always pleasant) for the drinker. Not all of us have the time to become experts, and the clarity and lack of pretension of Australian and New Zealand wines mean that drinkers are not made to feel stupid while having their pockets picked—as happens with many French wines.

ANTHONY CONNELL
Melbourne

THE ABSENCE OF A LONG WINEMAKING tradition in Australia and New Zealand has left local vintners free to innovate while adopting the best techniques from the Old World. Years ago, France, Italy and Spain were also new wine-growing regions. Given the pace of change in oenology and consumer attitudes, perhaps within a few decades Australia and New Zealand could be giving the European winemakers a run for their money.

RAYMOND GARDINER
Southport, Australia

Who's Watching?

I WAS CHILLED TO THE BONE WHEN I read your article about ad networks, Web retailers and content sites being

able to monitor one's habits on the Internet [BUSINESS, Nov. 22]. When I first went online early in 1995, I was aware that some of my privacy would be compromised. But now I wonder what will happen to us as we become more compartmentalized and end up relying more and more on computers in virtually every aspect of our lives. Today I sit cloaked in a grim sense of defeat. I feel myself staring blankly into my glaring monitor, mumbling in quavering tones, "Long live Big Brother."

JANE WANKLIN
London, Ont.

Corrections

IN OUR NUMBERS FEATURE [NOTEBOOK, Nov. 22], we incorrectly stated the revised height of Mount Everest. The correct figure is 29,035 ft. And since we got that figure wrong, the following number of how many Bill Bradleys it would take to top the new Everest was incorrect too. The right figure is 4,525. Also, we erred in our statement that 100 shares owned by the average hourly UPS worker would be worth \$68,000 after trading on the first day the stock was available on the market. The correct value is \$6,800.

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PEOPLE TO WATCH

David Lindsay-Abaire



OCCUPATION Off-Broadway playwright

GOAL In five years, to be considered a "semi-successful" playwright and to have written one movie he's proud of

QUOTE "I get my sense of structure from my dad and my sense of humor from my mother. She has a mouth like a trucker."

ACTRESS AND COMIC JANEANE Garofalo describes David Lindsay-Abaire's work as "cleverly odd." That seems an understatement for his hit off-Broadway farce, *Fuddy Meers*. Its characters include a housewife whose memory is erased nightly, her jibberish-speaking mother ("fun-house mirrors" becomes in her mouth "fuddy meers"), and an escaped con with a sock puppet on his hand. Just turned 30, the little-known Lindsay-Abaire has suddenly been discovered. He's been commissioned to write a play for Garofalo, and 20th Century Fox has given him a five-year film-and-TV contract. First up: *Road to Ruin*, a "screwball comedy" being produced by Wendy Finerman (*Forrest Gump*) for Hugh Grant.

"A lot of my writing hinges on surprise," says Lindsay-Abaire, who, not surprisingly, cites Ionesco and Feydeau as influences. He was born in South Boston, as David Abaire, to "very regular blue-collar folk" (back then, Dad sold fruit from a truck; Mom worked on a circuit-board assembly line). After Sarah Lawrence College, where he met his wife, actress Chris Lindsay, he honed his craft at New York City's Juilliard School Playwright's Program. What if he scores in Hollywood? "The movie stuff will pay my rent," he says. "But if I want my words to remain as is, I'll stay in the theater."

—By William Tynan

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your desktop and other special offers from your favorite brands. Redeem e-centives on the spot or save them to your own e-centives organizer online. e-centives are ready to redeem when you're ready to shop. Sign up for e-centives at one of your favorite Web sites today!



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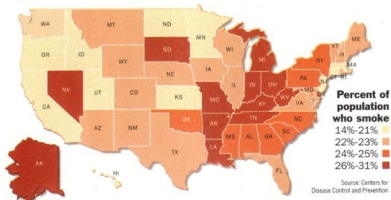
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INDICATORS

SMOKING Minnesota tops the list of healthiest states for the seventh time in 10 years. One reason is its low prevalence of smokers



TRAFFIC JAM Americans in 68 urban areas wasted almost 7 billion gallons of fuel sitting in traffic

► Average motorist, hours in traffic per year



ONLINE SPENDING By 2002 women will begin to outspend men on the Net, but men will still account for big-ticket buys like computers

■ Men ■ Women

► 1998 total:
\$7.8 billion

\$5.2 billion, 67%

\$2.6 billion, 34%

► 2002 total:
\$53 billion

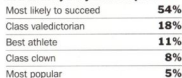
\$26 billion, 49%

\$27 billion, 51%

Source: Jupiter Communications

STUDENTS Teens still want to be popular, but they most want to be remembered as achievers

► What title would you like to see under your yearbook picture?



AIRLINE TRAVEL What bothers us most about flying, according to an exclusive poll for TIME and CNN

■ Big problem ■ Not a big problem



*Not shown: omitted. From a telephone poll of 1,021 adult Americans taken for TIME/CNN on Nov. 20-21, 1999, by Tomlinovich Partners Inc. Sampling error is ±1.9%.

NOTEBOOK

VERBATIM

“A mistake is not a crime.”

JANE MOSCOWITZ,
lawyer for a mechanic on
trial for the ValuJet 592 crash

**“I said ‘Shame on you’ to
one of the officers, and he
just shot me in the leg with
another canister.”**

REJOICE ISRAEL,
who strolled onto the wrong
block during protests in Seattle

**“Do you want someone
who gets to be President and
that’s literally the highest
paying job he’s ever had?”**

DONALD TRUMP,
on rags-to-riches politicians

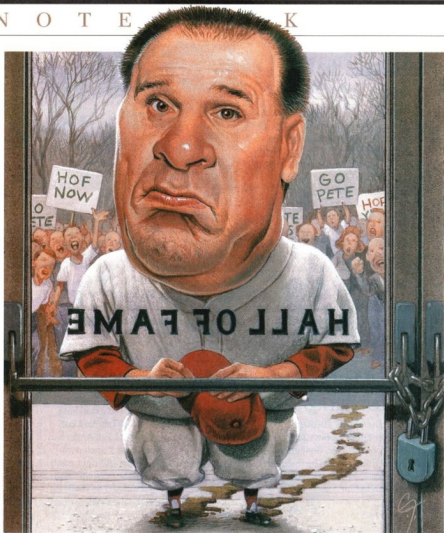
**“Every black person in
America should be offended
that a group of people
should want the same civil
rights because of their
sexual orientation.”**

REGGIE WHITE,
urging Iowa’s Governor to
rescind gay-rights protection

**“I don’t know what
compelled me to say that.”**

GEORGE W. BUSH
to John McCain, on calling him
“a good man” at their debate

Sources: New York Times; Wall Street Journal; New York
Times; Des Moines Register; New York Times



BLOOMING ROSE He’s cranky and he’s crude, but America still loves Pete Rose. The gambling-tainted former player is mounting a Ken Starr-size campaign to remove his barring from baseball and slide headfirst into the Hall of Fame

WINNERS & LOSERS



MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.
Civil rights leader to get monument
on the Tidal Basin. If only he can
get a day off in South Carolina

RUSSIAN PETS
Duma prohibits eating “animal
companions.” Sure, they can
send them into space ...

TEENAGE BOYS
Alyssa Milano files for
divorce. Danny Pintauro
doesn’t seem to care

NASA’S MARS LANDER

Phone home! Second probe in less
than three months goes AWOL. Will
funding vanish too?

NEWT GINGRICH

Republican revolution architect
snubbed by fifth-year anniversary
party. More nachos for Hastert

EARTH

Arctic sea ice shrinking at
14,000 sq. mi. a year. Next
Hamptons? Denver



ESPIONAGE

If You Missed the Cold War, You'll Enjoy This

FOR MONTHS, MOSCOW AND WASHINGTON have quarreled over how many spies to let into each other's country under diplomatic cover. The Russians feel the U.S. has been stingy; the U.S. says the Russians have been "brazen and blatant," but "we've thwarted" them. The tension broke last week in Moscow with the arrest of **CHERI LEBERKNIGHT**, 33, ostensibly a U.S. embassy official but actually a CIA spy, according to the Russians. More schoolmarm than Mata Hari in looks, she was snatched late Monday with "ink tablets for secret correspondence" and equipment for detecting surveillance, says Moscow. Administration and intelligence officials tell *TIME* they believe she was taken in retaliation for the U.S. visa



Accused CIA spy Cheri Leberknight

clampdown. Other spy watchers point to the expulsion midyear of two Russian spies from the U.S. and Russian posturing ahead of parliamentary elections this month. Leberknight has until Dec. 11 to leave Russia. But compared with cold war days, when snatched spooks might be held in solitary or beaten, she is likely to get out in one piece. —Massimo Calabresi/Washington

MIDDLE EAST

Barak and Arafat: Talking but Not Agreeing

MADELEINE ALBRIGHT IS FINDING ISRAELI Prime Minister **EHUD BARAK** easier to deal with than his predecessor, Benjamin Netanyahu, who always had to be dragged into peace talks. Even so, Albright headed for the Middle East again this week and had to try to untangle more of the same old squabbles.

The good news is that Barak wants to ne-



Barak

gotiate by mid-February the outlines of a settlement with Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat and begin talks with Syrian President Hafez Assad on returning the Golan Heights. The aging Arafat and Assad both realize this is probably their best and last chance to reach agreements. But Arafat and Barak are still haggling over a small parcel of Israeli-occupied territory. Albright wants to stay out of petty real estate disputes and keep Barak and Arafat focused on resolving bigger questions. But the men still distrust one another so much that it's hard to see how they'll reach a final accord. "We're still in an environment where problems are a certainty," says a senior U.S. official. —By Douglas Walker/Washington

Ask Dr. Notebook

Q. I haven't heard that "Hey" song the last couple of times I went to go see the Edmonton Oilers play. What's up with that? I love that song!

A. That song, *Rock and Roll Part II*, was performed by **GARY GLITTER**. Last month Glitter was convicted in England for possessing child pornography. Many teams—including the Oilers, Flames, Maple Leafs and Raptors—pulled the song from their arena's heavy rotation lists. But don't worry. That means more *We Will Rock You*.



The List

THE 350-LB. JOSE MARTINEZ, A.K.A. "FAT José," accused of being one of New Mexico's largest drug dealers, won a motion barring his alias from being used in the trial. Some more palatable suggestions:

- Soft and Cuddly José
- Thyroid-Problem José
- Big-Boned José
- Jolly José
- Zaffig José
- Not-So-Active José
- Rubenesque José
- Big and Tall José
- Pleasantly Plump José
- Ho-Ho José
- Water-Retention José
- Butter-Bean José
- Drop-the-Chalupa José



CAT SCRATCH FEVER

MEANING OF "SCRATCH" April 7, 1993: Hillary is just back in D.C. from her dying father's bedside; the President appears with a 4-in. gash on his cheek. Whodunnit?



"He cut himself shaving." —Dee Dee Myers, before seeing it (4/93)
 "I got this playing with my daughter." —Bill Clinton (4/93)
 "The lusty songstress had bragged about [sleeping] in the Lincoln Bedroom. 'It was a big scratch, and clearly not a shaving cut. Barbra Streisand was around at the time.'" —Myers quoted in Gail Sheehy's *Hillary's Choice* (12/99)

THEN & NOW



March 18, 1993 Clinton with friend and Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Roger Altman, thanking federal workers



November 29, 1999 The *National Enquirer*, owned by the company Altman runs, runs a fun headline

DAILY COMPOSITE EXCHANGE TRANSACTIONS

Q

Sl. No.	Particulars	Debit	Credit	Balance
1	Balance b/d			100.00
2	By Cash		50.00	150.00
3	To Cash	50.00		100.00
4	By Cash		25.00	125.00
5	To Cash	25.00		100.00
6	By Cash		75.00	175.00
7	To Cash	75.00		100.00
8	By Cash		100.00	200.00
9	To Cash	100.00		100.00
10	By Cash		50.00	150.00
11	To Cash	50.00		100.00
12	By Cash		25.00	125.00
13	To Cash	25.00		100.00
14	By Cash		75.00	175.00
15	To Cash	75.00		100.00
16	By Cash		100.00	200.00
17	To Cash	100.00		100.00
18	By Cash		50.00	150.00
19	To Cash	50.00		100.00
20	By Cash		25.00	125.00
21	To Cash	25.00		100.00
22	By Cash		75.00	175.00
23	To Cash	75.00		100.00
24	By Cash		100.00	200.00
25	To Cash	100.00		100.00
26	By Cash		50.00	150.00
27	To Cash	50.00		100.00
28	By Cash		25.00	125.00
29	To Cash	25.00		100.00
30	By Cash		75.00	175.00
31	To Cash	75.00		100.00
32	By Cash		100.00	200.00
33	To Cash	100.00		100.00
34	By Cash		50.00	150.00
35	To Cash	50.00		100.00
36	By Cash		25.00	125.00
37	To Cash	25.00		100.00
38	By Cash		75.00	175.00
39	To Cash	75.00		100.00
40	By Cash		100.00	200.00
41	To Cash	100.00		100.00
42	By Cash		50.00	150.00
43	To Cash	50.00		100.00
44	By Cash		25.00	125.00
45	To Cash	25.00		100.00
46	By Cash		75.00	175.00
47	To Cash	75.00		100.00
48	By Cash		100.00	200.00
49	To Cash	100.00		100.00
50	By Cash		50.00	150.00
51	To Cash	50.00		100.00
52	By Cash		25.00	125.00
53	To Cash	25.00		100.00
54	By Cash		75.00	175.00
55	To Cash	75.00		100.00
56	By Cash		100.00	200.00
57	To Cash	100.00		100.00
58	By Cash		50.00	150.00
59	To Cash	50.00		100.00
60	By Cash		25.00	125.00
61	To Cash	25.00		100.00
62	By Cash		75.00	175.00
63	To Cash	75.00		100.00
64	By Cash		100.00	200.00
65	To Cash	100.00		100.00
66	By Cash		50.00	150.00
67	To Cash	50.00		100.00
68	By Cash		25.00	125.00
69	To Cash	25.00		100.00
70	By Cash		75.00	175.00
71	To Cash	75.00		100.00
72	By Cash		100.00	200.00
73	To Cash	100.00		100.00
74	By Cash		50.00	150.00
75	To Cash	50.00		100.00
76	By Cash		25.00	125.00
77	To Cash	25.00		100.00
78	By Cash		75.00	175.00
79	To Cash	75.00		100.00
80	By Cash		100.00	2

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NOTEBOOK



JOSE BOVE ▲

BEEF: Lousy, processed food
STUNT: Noisy picnic press conference with cheese and French bread in front of McDonald's

RADICAL CHEERLEADERS ▼

BEEF: Globalization makes the world, like, rilly dull
STUNT: Crashed the downtown Christmas parade, dancing behind the mayor



SIERRA CLUB ►

BEEF: WTO ignores animal rights, environmental treaties
STUNT: Teamed with United Steelworkers for waterfront Boston WTeaO Party



BLACK-CLAD MESSENGERS ▲

BEEF: New World Order too orderly
STUNT: Smashed windows, looted, rioted, wreaked general mayhem



HUMANE SOCIETY OF THE U.S. ▲

BEEF: WTO violates animal rights, e.g., sea turtles caught in shrimp-fishing nets
STUNT: Armies in cardboard turtle costumes, human butterflies on stilts



RAINFOREST ACTION NETWORK ▲

BEEF: Deforestation
STUNT: Dangled from construction crane to unfurl five-story-high anti-WTO banner (they were arrested)

DYKE ACTION ►

BEEF: Beef—injected with hormones
STUNT: Topless in Seattle, the better to bare their convictions



RAGING GRANNIES ▲

BEEF: Big Business bad for little guy
STUNT: Senioritas in granny getups performed protest songs to tunes of old standards



RUCKUS SOCIETY ▲

BEEF: WTO = corporate greed
STUNTS: Grads of Ruckus "camps" scaled and banner'd Old Navy, paraded as corporate Grim Reapers



THE DRAWING BOARD



THEY SAID IT WOULD NEVER BE FOUND

LOST 1961

FOUND 1999

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Astronaut Gus Grissom's space capsule
makes its final journey home.



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JOEL STEIN

Did Somebody Say McLiAr?

FOR YEARS I HAVE HAD MY OWN QUESTIONS WITH THE WTO. Most of those questions were a variation on "What is this stuff in the newspaper about the WTO?" But thanks to this week's protests in Seattle, I now know that the WTO is some sort of organization that deals with trade barriers but doesn't help women, the environment, indigenous people or anarchists. Personally that sounds like a lot to ask from people already willing to spend entire days discussing tariffs, but still, I am definitely down with the protesters in Seattle. They are expressing rage about being dominated by corporations like Starbucks, McDonald's and Nike. I hate big corporations. Unfortunately, like most Americans I like the products they make. But I like the idea of breaking store windows and bothering police while dressed as a sea turtle even more. So to prepare for my role as protester for the next WTO convention, I needed my own peeve with corporate America.

For years I've noticed that McDonald's signs across America have their counters stuck at 99 BILLION SERVED. McDonald's, I figured, was waiting for just the right moment to spring a big 100 BILLION campaign on us based on the assumption that people who eat poultry nuggets are easily duped.

I called my brother-in-arms, José Bové, the French farm leader who has taken crowbars to McDonald's in his homeland. I caught him on his cell phone while he walked the turbulent streets of downtown Seattle. It took him a while to understand the importance of my findings. But eventually he caught on. "McDonald's had a good way to make publicity, and people like

that," he said. And then, after some mushy watermelon sounds in the background, he added, "I have a problem with police. Can you call me back here?"

Empowered by Bové's bravery, I called Nancy Izquierdo at McDonald's corporate communications, who told me the company stopped counting on April 14, 1994, when, at the shady sounding, acronym-needy McDonald's Biennial Worldwide Convention, then chairman Michael Quinlan announced that the company had passed the 100-billion-burgers mark and somehow missed it. Deciding to focus on the future, he advised the 25,000 franchise owners to switch to the Carl Saganesque "billions and billions." I didn't buy one word of it. So I stopped at my McDonald's on 34th Street in Manhattan, which has a 99 BILLION SERVED sign. Manager Eddie Correa said he was unfamiliar with the Biennial Edict and hadn't thought about changing the sign during his two years with the company. Dissatisfied, I ate a double cheeseburger.

Then I noticed that Eddie's sign doesn't have a space for a third digit, which must have prevented Eddie from rolling past 99 because of this low-tech Y2K problem. It seems corporate behemoths actually aren't all that well structured. I work for a corporation with a market capitalization larger than McDonald's, and our television reviewer still can't get free Time Warner cable service. Maybe it's a miracle that the global community is working at all. Even so, I'm still going to dress like a sea turtle. But I'm going to continue doing it in the privacy of my own home.



WHEN ANIMALS GO BAD



PAGING DR. DOLITTLE Are animals crazy? Proof from last week's blotter:
Alive with Pleasure Namwan, a Bangkok temple monkey, enjoys the flavor



Polly Wanna #&?%! Percy, an Amazonian green parrot, gets blue before being axed from a British kiddie play



Koala Road Rage Aussie totem gets hit by car; attacks retiree behind the wheel

HARD SELL

NOT COOL How do you sell a heating system made in Germany? An ill-advised ad agency in Taiwan tried a cartoon Hitler announcing he was "declaring war on cold fronts." The makers were not amused, and the poster was pulled.



MILESTONES

ARRAIGNED. SHAWN CARTER (a.k.a. **JAY-Z**), 29, Grammy-winning rapper; on assault charges, for allegedly stabbing a record executive; in New York City.



EUTHANIZED. HSING-HSING, 28, giant panda given by China to the National Zoo to commemorate Nixon's 1972 visit; owing to kidney disease; in Washington. Hsing-Hsing, whose name means "shining star," will be preserved and displayed at the Smithsonian.

DIED. MIKE OCKRENT, 53, British director whose perky retro-musicals, *Me and My Girl* and *Crazy for You*, were hits in London and on Broadway; of leukemia; in New York City.

DIED. MADELINE KAHN, 57, devilishly ditsy singer-comedian; of ovarian cancer; in New York City. A diva of light farce, Kahn was Oscar-nominated for best supporting floozy in *Paper Moon* (1973) and *Blazing Saddles* (1974). She won a 1993 Tony for Best Actress in *The Sisters Rosensweig*.

DIED. MARTA DORION, 61, former TIME chief of reporters and 38-year vet-

eran of Time Inc.; of a brain hemorrhage; in Harrington Park, N.J. (see Eulogy).



DIED. CHARLIE BYRD, 74, classically trained jazz-guitar virtuoso; of cancer; in Annapolis, Md. His 1962 album *Jazz Samba*, with saxophonist Stan Getz, popularized bossa nova in North America. Byrd recorded more than 100 albums, and was honored this year by Brazil as a Knight of the Rio Branco.

DIED. GENE RAYBURN, 81, unruffled TV quizmaster who was host of *The Match Game* for 14 seasons; in Gloucester, Mass. His postwar show with Dee Finch on New York's WNEW helped establish comedy as a staple of morning radio. He was Steve Allen's announcer on the original *Tonight Show*.

DIED. JOEY ADAMS, 88, borscht-belt wit whose syndicated daily joke column proved comedy is easy ("Myron's wife underwent plastic surgery. He cut up her credit cards"); in New York City.



NUMBERS



\$1.5 million Amount sought by a man who claims that a faulty Starbucks' toilet seat crushed his penis

\$152 billion Estimated annual expense of the U.S. civil-liability system

98,000 Deaths by medical error, 1998

31,000 Deaths by suicide, 1998

1 Ranking on Amazon.com's best-seller list of *Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets* by J.K. Rowling

756,092 Ranking of *Hanging in Judgment: Religion and the Death Penalty in England*, by Harry Potter



18,000 Number of Web pages featuring tennis minx Anna Kournikova

0 Women's singles tournaments Kournikova has won

14 Ranking of Kimberly Conrad, Hugh Hefner's ex-wife, in *Playboy's* centerfolds of the century



88 Ranking of Brandi Brandt, one of Hef's current girlfriends

Sources: USA Today; American Tort Reform Association; Centers for Disease Control and Prevention; Amazon.com; USA Today; Playboy

EULOGY

She had this smirk, this "I know something you don't" smile, pure catnip for journalists. And so there was always a gaggle of us around **MARTA DORION**, waiting for some tidbit to wait through her smoke-filled office, a last refuge for cigarette lovers here at TIME. Many who hated tobacco would suffer through nicotine haze just to listen. She'd been through Watergate, earthquakes and O.J., but those weren't the stories we were really interested in. It was the one she was living, the one we shared: the story of Time Inc. Marta's breadth of memory and experience at the company encompassed names and events that are history and legend—and she could tell the



difference. As a former boss once said in awe, "Marta knows where the skeletons are hidden." It was no accident that she was asked to help compile the corporate history. If young colleagues were mystified at the ways of Time, Marta would sit them down and explain it all—instilling wonder at the enchanted realm they had wandered into. For she knew where the maps were too, and how to read them. No one could imagine her retired, which she insisted she was just months ago. She lived and breathed Time Inc. and gave it life and breath. Her sudden passing deprives us not only of a dear friend but also of living memory. —Howard Chua-Eoan, Assistant Managing Editor





B U S I N E S S

RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE

Despite, and because of, violence, anti-WTO protesters were heard

By RICHARD LACAYO



THE SEATTLE MEETING OF THE WORLD Trade Organization, the bureaucrats may not have accomplished all that much last week. The chaos that surrounded them did. In this moment of triumphant capitalism, of planetary cash flows and a priapic Dow, all the second thoughts and outright furies about the global economy collected on the streets of downtown Seattle and crashed through the windows of NikeTown. After two days of uproar scented with tear gas and pepper spray, Americans may never again think the same way about free trade and what it costs.

At the very least, the dull but profound business of trade rules—which are usually hammered out by technocrats in closed meetings with corporate lobbyists hovering outside—will figure differently in the thinking of the millions of Americans whom the decisions affect. That might even happen soon enough to influence the next U.S. election, which helps account for some of the ways that Bill Clinton, who arrived in Seattle smack in the middle of the chaos, positioned himself when he got there. But neither

POINT BLANK:
Rubber bullets are
fired at protesters
who want to
disrupt the event

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS FOR TIME



OPENING DAY
Police lobbed tear gas to restore order in downtown Seattle

Clinton nor U.S. Trade Representative Charlene Barshefsky was able to avert what must be viewed as a disaster: the WTO representatives' failure to reach agreement on launching the "Millennial Round" of trade talks. The delegates went home empty-handed.

Not so WTO opponents, who left claiming victory, believing that what they hate about globalization will now come into focus as clearly as the familiar arguments in favor of it—that freer trade creates jobs for everybody and lower prices for consumers. Indeed, free trade has been an important reason for the '90s boom. Even as Seattle assessed the damage on Friday, the Dow was soaring nearly 250 points on news that the unemployment rate was stuck at its 30-year low. But the protesters were in Seattle to insist that globalization has become another word for capitulation to the worst excesses of capitalism, a cover for eliminating hard-won protections for the environment and workers' rights. "Before Seattle, we were dead in the water on trade," says George Becker, president of the United Steelworkers of America. "The big companies had their way completely. Now we've

raised the profile of this issue, and we're not going back." Says Larry Dohrs, an activist with the Seattle chapter of the Free Burma Coalition: "Strong majorities of American voters support basic labor rights and environmental provisions in trade agreements. It's that simple."

Trade issues are anything but simple. Demonstrators who want justice for poor nations were reminded last week that Third World delegates to the WTO don't want developed nations to force them to allow union organizing. Cheap labor is their competitive advantage. Environmentalists who want the WTO to keep its hands off U.S. laws that protect endan-

gered species would happily force Venezuela—against its sovereign will—to clean up its gasoline exports.

Because it deals with so many separate issues, from farm subsidies to intellectual-property rights, the WTO attracts a very mixed bag of opponents, which is one reason that opposition to it has been hard to focus. Some of the WTO opponents want to reform the organization. Some want to abolish it. Virtually all of them resent the secrecy in which the WTO makes decisions that its 135 member nations are supposed to abide by.

Dohrs' Burma group mobilized against the WTO in part to advance the right of states and localities to boycott companies that do business in Burma, now called Myanmar, which is one of Asia's most saw-toothed dictatorships. But the U.S. State Department sees



CHANGE THE PROCESS
Clinton in Seattle calls for more open WTO talks

such boycotts as a violation of federal sovereignty and free trade. Then there are the environmentalists. To protect sea turtles, an endangered species, they want an import ban on shrimp caught in nets that don't have escape hatches to let the turtles swim away. Congress has adopted such a ban, but the WTO forbids it; member nations can't block imports on the basis of the way they are produced. The organization may also eventually forbid American "antidumping" laws that bar the import of low-cost foreign steel. Those laws are important to American unions. The WTO used the same logic in siding with the U.S. against European nations that wanted to prohibit the import of American beef fed with hormones that Europeans believe may be unsafe.

In the aftermath of the Battle of Seattle, no single objection to the WTO may stand out any better than it has before. But from now on, every objection will be illuminated by the fires of last week. The WTO trade ministers and other delegates had come to Seattle to draw up an agenda for a new round of global trade talks, which are scheduled to last about three years and take up issues like European farm subsidies—of huge importance to U.S. and Canadian agricultural exporters—and whether to tax sales on the Internet.

The backlash in the streets started Tuesday morning, several hours before more than 25,000 largely peaceful marchers headed from a union-backed rally at Memorial Stadium, near the Space Needle, toward the shops and hotels of downtown. Many thousands of other protesters were already converging there, some engaged in peaceful sit-ins that blocked traffic. Things got serious when scattered groups of self-described Black Block anarchists, wearing all-black outfits with handkerchiefs or hoods covering their faces, started to smash windows and trash businesses, giving special attention to companies such as the Gap and Nike that have been accused of using low-wage or child labor to produce some of their merchandise. Peaceful protesters, horrified, shouted, "Shame! Shame!" at the rioters. Once word got out that the streets were haywire, however, a wave of garden-variety thugs headed downtown to smash the windows at Radio Shack and walk off with CD players. Anarchist websites subsequently complained that their boys in black were blamed for the apolitical looting by the later group that ruined their well-planned attack. But the thing about anarchy is, it has a way of getting out of control.

Most of the WTO visiting dignitaries—including U.N. Secretary-General Kofi Annan, Secretary of State Madeleine Albright and Barshefsky—spent part of Tuesday trapped in their hotels. With the morning's

VIEWPOINT

By Charles Krauthammer

Return of the Luddites

THE MERE WORDS SOCIALISM AND communism," wrote George Orwell 62 years ago, "draw towards them with magnetic force every fruit-juice drinker, nudist, sandal-wearer, sex maniac, Quaker, 'Nature Cure' quack, pacifist and feminist in England." Today it is the bogeymen of globalization and world trade that bring out their own kooky crowd. There they were in Seattle last week: Zapatistas, anti-Nike-ites, butterfly defenders. They joined steelworkers and the Sierra Club, Ralph Nader and Pat Buchanan in a giant anti-trade jamboree.

The mayhem was ecumenical. You had your one-world paranoids, who stay up nights fretting that David Rockefeller, the Trilateral Commission and a Wall Street cabal run the world through such shell organizations as the WTO. And you had your apolitical Luddites, who refuse to accept that growth, prosperity and upward living standards always entail some dislocation. A century ago, they tried to destroy the satanic mills of industrializing Europe. Today they want to stop the global redistribution of labor, in which previously starving Third World peasants get their start with low-paying industrial jobs while First World workers shift to the more antiseptic high-skill information economy.

But at the core of the anti-trade movement is the leftover left, Orwell's old gang. Having had little to do since the fall of the "socialist camp" a decade ago, the left finally found its voice in Seattle. "In the '60s, I marched for peace and justice," explained a Seattle demonstrator. "Now I'm back."

But the demonstrators of yesteryear opposed military intervention in places like Vietnam, El Salvador and Nicaragua on the grounds that the real problem in these places was not communism but poverty. And the solution was not war but economic assistance. As Senator Christopher Dodd said in a nationally televised 1983 address opposing President Reagan's request for

military aid to El Salvador, "We must hear the cry for bread and schools, work and opportunity, that comes from campesinos everywhere in this hemisphere." Well, it turns out that the best cure for the poverty the left so agonized about then is precisely what the left is demonstrating against today—capitalism and trade. In one country alone, China, capitalism and trade have lifted more people out of poverty in a single generation than ever in human history.

Hasn't work and a chance for a better life for the once colonized been the great cause of the antimilitarist, anti-imperialist left for the past 40 years? Of course, earning a few dollars a day making running shoes is undesir-



KOOKY CROWD Motley remnants of the old left found their voice in Seattle

able compared with the life of Western workers. But it is infinitely better than the subsistence farming these workers have left behind—and to which they would be forced to return should their supposed friends succeed in stopping trade by imposing Western-style labor and environmental standards that no Third World manufacturer could meet.

The left professes concern for Third World labor. But its real objective is to keep jobs at home. That means stopping the jobs from going to the very campesinos it claims to champion—and sentencing Third World workers to the deprivation of the preindustrial life they so desperately seek to escape. Some champions. ■

opening ceremonies canceled, frustrated delegates spent the hours muttering into their cell phones. By late afternoon, as police moved through downtown in armored personnel carriers, a stunned Mayor Paul Schell asked Washington Governor Gary Locke to send in the National Guard. Schell also slapped a dusk-to-dawn curfew on the city's downtown and imposed a 50-square-block no-protest order on downtown, which left demonstrators furious.

On Wednesday, police arrested about 500 demonstrators, dragging many of them feet-first into buses and speeding them off to detention centers, where some of them idly communicated among themselves by flashing in Morse code with their laser pens. Schell and his police chief, Norm Stamper, seemed taken by surprise by the calamity caused by the demonstration. If so, they were the only ones. Protest leaders had long promised as much, and websites have been bubbling for months about the gathering. Hundreds of would-be demonstrators attended camps in civil disobedience this summer in preparation. In a building not far from downtown, organizers literally mapped out about a dozen areas where they planned to choke off central Seattle so that delegates could not reach their meetings.

The police lost control first of downtown and then, in some cases, of themselves. Many of the demonstrators complained that the cops were using rubber bullets, tear gas and pepper spray against nonviolent protesters while a few blocks away vandals freely roamed the city throwing litter baskets through store windows. These complaints were seconded by angry residents of the city's Capitol Hill district, where police pursued protesters with tear gas and concussion grenades despite the fact that the area was outside the no-protest zone.

Early Wednesday morning Bill Clinton arrived. After being driven through the streets of broken glass and police lines, he ascended to a suite on an upper floor at the Westin Hotel and flipped on local news, where he saw for the first time the scenes of chaos that had raged all around his hotel earlier that day.

Clinton moved quickly to adapt to the new conditions, keenly mindful of the fact that labor unions and environmental groups are crucial parts of the coalition that Al Gore hopes will take him to the White House. At two appearances the following day, Clinton departed from his prepared text to emphasize that it would be

necessary from now on to explain to people more clearly the ways that trade benefited them and to open up the WTO so that its rulings were more legitimate in the eyes of the people they affected. "If the WTO expects to have public support grow for our endeavors, the public must see and hear and, in a very real sense, actually join in the deliberations," said Clinton.

BEFORE THE PRESIDENT LEFT, AN interview with him appeared in the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* that unnerved some WTO delegates almost as much as the rioting had. Low-wage, developing nations at the meeting, led by India, Egypt and Brazil, were incensed that Clinton told the paper he wanted a working group on labor to be established within the WTO to develop "core" standards for wages, working conditions and other labor issues, and that such standards should be part of every trade agreement. Ultimately, he said, they should be enforced through trade sanctions, the WTO's ultimate weapon.

The word sanctions sent delegates from

THE VIOLENCE

How Organized Anarchists Led Seattle into Chaos

IF YOU WANT TO LABEL ME," says Lincoln, "anarchist is as close as you're going to come." Lincoln is a lanky 19-year-old Texan who came to Seattle to protest "one-world government" and will leave sporting a *nom de guerre*, a nasty forehead gash courtesy of a tear-gas canister, and a green bandanna for meeting the press. His beliefs mirror a

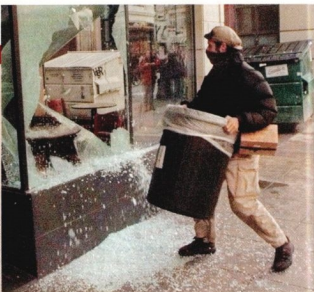
standard anarchist line: Autonomous government, yes. Private property, no. Would he commit acts of violence to fur-

SCARLET LETTER
The anarchist A was omnipresent at the WTO scene

ther them? In some cases, Lincoln allows.

Is this the face of 21st century activism? The '60s-era left was marginalized by two giddy capitalist decades of leveraged buyouts, Web IPOs and rising tides that lifted the biggest ships. That may have changed last Tuesday, when masked youths started smashing windows in Seattle. In one red-hot CNN Minute, the eclectic concerns of a planetful of protesters—environmentalism, Tibet, child labor, human rights—crystallized right where most of them didn't want to be: beneath the anarchist banner.

Meaning what? The anarchist movement today is a sprawling welter of thousands of mostly young activists populating hundreds of mostly tiny



STEPHAN SAVANNA/AP/ED

splinter groups espousing dozens of mostly socialist critiques of the capitalist machine. Ironically, the groups are increasingly organized; the Pacific Northwest in particular, with its unionist past, grungy youth-culture present and ever Green future, is an anarchist hotbed. Add to that the hundreds of under-25ers from San Francisco to

Vancouver who spent months learning nonviolent civil disobedience from groups like the Ruckus Society and the Direct Action Network. "The WTO," notes Ruckus Society coordinator Han Shan, "gave us home-field advantage by coming to Seattle." The '98 trashing of a Eugene, Ore., NikeTown was an informal dry run for last week's



FLOWER POWER Some protesters got very '60s

developing nations up the wall. Thailand's Minister of Commerce, Supachai Panitchpakdi, who takes over as wto chief in 2002, warned that if Clinton insisted on the issue, developing countries could "walk away from any agreement on a new round" of talks. To them, Clinton's words were nothing but protectionism wrapped in progressivism. But that position happens to be the one taken by the AFL-CIO. Unhappy about the White House trade deal to admit China

to the wto—an agreement that labor is now better armed to fight in Congress—the unions had pressed Clinton to push their case on labor rules in Seattle.

By late Friday night, negotiations to get agreement on an agenda for a new round of global-trade negotiations collapsed. Exhausted wto delegates said they would try again next year in Geneva to bridge huge differences.

Public attention will eventually shift

bly moving out into the streets. Those who want to promote trade are going to have to make their case much more vigorously to all the American people."

It is a pretty compelling case. And if they can make it with anywhere near the vigor that was demonstrated by the antiis last week in Seattle, free trade may yet win the day.

—Reported by Adam Zagorin and Steven Frank/Seattle, Margot Hornblower/Los Angeles and Jay Branagan/Washington



COFFEE TO GO An anarchist patronizes a Seattle Starbucks

ment with the sort of self-sufficient, egalitarian collective now aborning at 918 Virginia Street, a largely vacant building on the edge of downtown Seattle. The "squat" popped up two weeks ago as a protesters' crash pad. About 100 people a night sleep there. There's no power or water, but organizers have set up a kitchen and security and toilet systems. House rules hang on one wall: NO ILLEGAL DRUGS, NO ALCOHOL, NO WEAPONS and so on, ending with NO VIOLENCE.

Oops. Most anarchists publicly decried last week's vandalism, which was perpetrated in part by local teens whose direct actions for social justice consisted of looting StarTACs from a

cell-phone store. "Several press accounts have stated that there were only 'hundreds of anarchists' in Seattle, an online activist wrote last week. "This would be true if you only counted teenagers dressed in black. This would have left out... the vast majority of us, who look just plain ole working class."

Or like Portland native Cassandra Mason, a black-clad anarchist and "18-year-old unemployed female. It pisses me off that everyone's saying, 'The anarchists, the anarchists,' she fumes. "Every anarchist group I know is really peaceful."

But even most peaceful anarchists maintain an uneasy détente with rougher tactics. "I distinguish between violence and property damage," says Ruckus Society director John Sellers. "I think violence is done to living things." And as the debate over globalization and trade grows—the 2000 anarchist calendar features a spring conclave in Ontario and

a visit to the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia next summer—footage of the wto riot, whose date is already canonized as "N30," will make for great p.r. Sellers disapproved of last week's vandalism, "but if the global audience sees it as a political act, the result could be interesting."

Schuerholz embodies the conflicted anarchist mainstream. She's a 35-year-old photographer who helped found the advocacy group Art and Revolution, which spread from a '97 gathering to dozens of groups along the West Coast. She comes off as a smart, sincere woman who disavows violence. But she was also in Eugene soon after the radicals hit NikeTown. "And I have to say," she says of that small blow to global capitalism, "I had a tingle of joy in my heart when I saw those broken windows."

—By Michael Krantz. With reporting by Steven Frank/Seattle and Margot Hornblower/Los Angeles

mayhem, some of whose perpetrators call themselves the Eugene Brickthrowers Local 666. "Their goal is to take things to the furthest edge of acceptability," says Seattle activist Dana Schuerholz of the Eugene radicals, "to get their message out by literally smashing the state."

That's the anarchist's primal goal: to replace central govern-

THE POWER AND THE STORY

Prison shaped his character. Scandal shaped his crusade. But is John McCain's biography enough to take him to the White House?

By **NANCY GIBBS** and **JOHN F. DICKERSON**

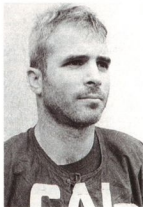
BY THE TIME HE CAME OUT OF HIS Hanoi prison, John McCain had learned the power of stories. He had been raised on them. The son and grandson of admirals forever at sea, he had spent more time with their legends than with the men themselves. Among the rows, he was the prison storyteller, the one who helped pass the days by retelling, scene by scene, his favorite Marlon Brando movies, who offered a course he called A History of the World from the Beginning, the one who was allowed 10 minutes with a Bible one Christmas so he could refresh his memory of Bethlehem and lead a service in their cell. But it was not until he was home, a famous, crippled war hero, that he met Ronald Reagan and learned from the master that he now had the ultimate political weapon.

Reagan was Governor of California in 1974, when he

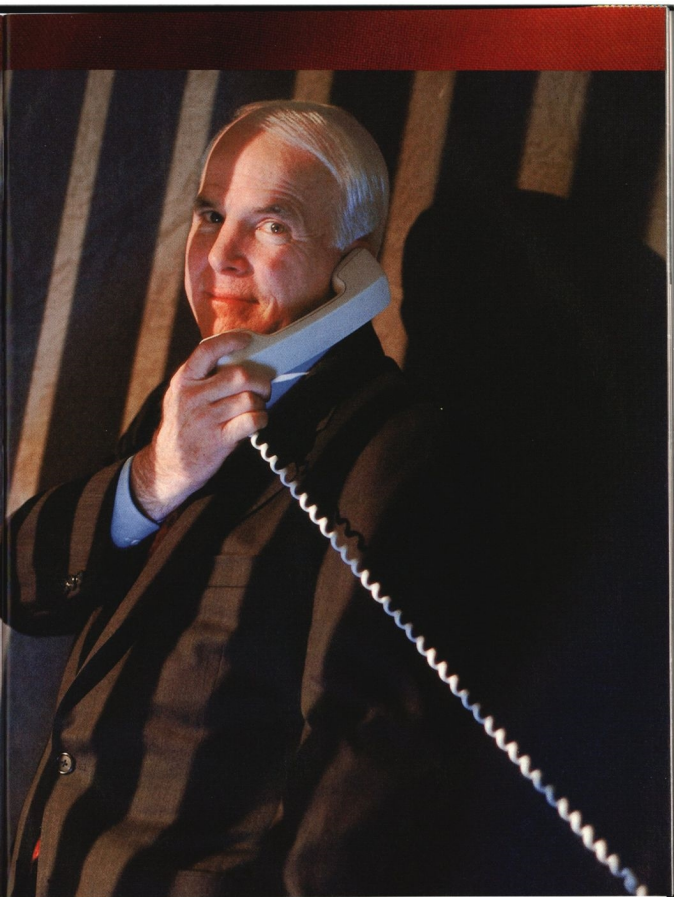
invited McCain to a prayer breakfast in Sacramento. McCain has never been a particularly reverent guy; but that morning he found himself telling the silent crowd about a discovery he made when he was thrown into solitary confinement in a 6-ft. by 9-ft. hole in the ground. On the wall was etched a testimony, scratched into the stone by a previous occupant: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty," read the jagged writing. The

words sustained him, McCain told the crowd, through his 2½-year solitude. When he finished, the audience, including the Governor, was sobbing. "I realized," he says now, "it wasn't really me that moved them. It was the Story that did it."

THE STORY. YOU COULD ARGUE that the story of McCain's remarkable rise, to the point where he now has a chance of snatching the G.O.P. nomination away from the \$65 Million Man, is the Story of a story. It is not just that the commentariat has concluded that this presidential race is all about character and biog-



THE PRISONER Lieut. Commander McCain poses for his captors on the day he is shot down



CAMPAIGN 2000



IN THEIR FACE McCain, in Manchester, N.H., after last week's G.O.P. debate, has traveled throughout the state, answering voter questions

raphy and that McCain's, at the moment, is a best seller. It is not just that McCain's story defines the man: You cannot scare me, I've been scared by professionals, and I have nothing to lose because every day is a gift I once thought I'd never have.

The story is his running mate, and has been from the day he decided to leave the Navy for politics. It has served as both weapon and shield, a kind of deterrent that makes him easy to fear, hard to attack, hard sometimes even to live with. Throughout his rise to power, it was the story that could both win people over and shut people down. Who among his adversaries wanted to answer the question, "So just what were you doing from 1967 till 1973, while he was being maimed and tortured in service to his country?"

The story has helped protect him from his own faults, his ethical lapses, his ugly outbursts, the abandoned first marriage, because he admits to failures that sound more heroic than most people's successes, and it is hard to judge someone who has made choices most civilians can't even imagine. It's not just that he survived being hung by ropes from two broken arms and beaten senseless; it's that when his captors learned of his famous father and offered to let him go home, he refused unless they let the rest of the prisoners go as well. Such conduct entralls a generation that aches for heroes

and doubts the moral detour it took during the years John McCain was becoming the icon of Duty, Honor and Country. So compelling is the story that it has helped bring him here, to a dead heat in New Hampshire with the Texas Governor: the man to whom much has been given against the man from whom much was taken away.

The question is whether, having come so far, he is now a prisoner all over again, this time of his biography. He has traded on it for so long you wonder whether he can break away from it and make the story not about him but about us; whether, having caught his audience, brightened the lights, earned his newsmagazine cover, he can stand up and tell us where he wants to go and what he wants to do. That way, voters might get to judge whether the events that changed his life would help him change ours. Or whether, as a longtime observer says, his bio is all he has.

IT WAS NO ACCIDENT THAT THE FIRST four questions McCain faced in last week's Republican debate were not about Medicare or Chechnya or Microsoft; they were all about him. Just how bad is your temper, Senator, and why do some of the people who know you best dislike you most? Why are people whispering that your years in prison left you slightly unhinged?

Well, McCain replied, as he has all along, he speaks his mind and tells the truth: "It is very clear to all," he said Thursday night, "the lobbyists and special-influence people who run Washington know that if John McCain is President, things are going to be a lot different." But there is more to the charges than that. The whispering campaign aims to turn his story against him: he's not really like the rest of us, give him a medal but don't make him President. "I attribute it all to the abuse," says a former Senator after cataloging McCain's explosions. "He has a very short fuse and blows quickly," adds a Senate staff member, part of the faceless choir that has haunted McCain for weeks now. "That would bother me in a President, who has to be disciplined. I do not believe his temper is controlled."

And so last week, the McCain campaign caught the grenade and tossed it back. McCain's medical records, including psychiatric reports and a virtual orthopedic encyclopedia of his broken bones, were released. "Patient seems to have made an excellent readjustment over the past year," read his mental evaluation just a year after his return. "There is no sign of emotional difficulty." Years of subsequent evaluations found no clue that anything was rattling around in McCain's cupboards. Besides answering the critics, the campaign knew the release of the records brought a second benefit: We've had

PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGG DEGUIRE FOR TIME

the book and the documentary; now comes the unabridged version, a chance to tell the story one more time.

THE FUNNY THING ABOUT MCCAIN'S STORY is that it has always worked better on other people than it has worked on him. The whole hero mantle, he claims, makes his skin crawl. That may be carefully calculated modesty, but it may also reflect a nagging problem. "It doesn't take a lot of talent," he says, every chance he gets, "to intercept a surface-to-air missile with your own airplane." And yet that failure as a pilot meant that he joined the truly tiny group of men who returned home from a reviled war and were welcomed with parades and medals and a handshake from the President.

That he survived at all gave the country reason to consecrate him. But McCain, a rascal midshipman who graduated near the bottom of his class, had found his faith in a different standard, where glory is measured by commitment to causes larger than oneself. And if everyone around him was saying he had brought honor to his family name, he didn't yet have reason to believe it. "They are treating us like heroes," he told his Naval Academy roommate Chuck Larson when he got back to the States, "and all I did was get shot down and try to survive the best I could. I really want to put that behind me. What's important to me is what I do now on. I don't want to live and be nothing but a POW." It's not that the story was a lie; it's just that no one understood it the way he did.

And so all the parades and the praise just made McCain more impatient to live up to the expectations that had been set for him practically at birth. He didn't have time to lash out at the political system that had abandoned him or the counterculture that called his comrades baby killers. His cause was more immediate and personal. "The years he was in prison were like cutting out the fillet of a T-bone steak," says Nancy Reynolds, a long-time Reagan aide who befriended McCain during those years. "After that, John was always playing catch-up."

The one place where McCain could not make up lost time, the one arena where his story in a strange way carried the least weight, was in the military. When he came back from Vietnam, he toyed briefly with "alternative plans in civilian life in politics," according to doctors who de-

MEDICAL RECORDS

THE DIAGNOSIS: "STABLE"

A POW LUCKY ENOUGH TO MAKE IT OUT ALIVE IS ALWAYS EXAMINED BY psychiatrists and other doctors, and those examinations continue for several years. In John McCain's case they took place between 1973 and 1984, and are proving two decades later to be a godsend. For when his political enemies began whispering that his 5½ years in prison had made the presidential candidate emotionally unstable, McCain had mounds of paperwork to prove otherwise. Last week his campaign staff allowed TIME to review those records—roughly 1,500 pages of them. The upshot: not only has McCain never displayed signs of a psychological disorder, but also in many cases his doctors' reports read more glowingly about his mind than McCain's best-selling autobiography. Wrote a doctor in 1974: "Patient is a very intelligent, ambitious, competitive, intellectually curious, caring person."

The most revealing reports are from the early years. In March 1973, two weeks after McCain's release, a psychiatrist deems his "emotional status" to be "stable" and says McCain has an "overdeveloped superego," or sense of conscience and morality, and an "unrealistically high" need for achievement. "He may tend to expect too much of himself and take it hard when/if things don't go as planned." Imprisonment seems to have cured one of McCain's problems as well: as one who had long sought to escape the shadow of his famous Navy father, McCain "feels his experience and performance as a POW have finally permitted this to happen," according to his 1974 evaluation. McCain also tells a psychiatrist that among the benefits of his POW experience "he learned to control his temper better, to not become angry over insignificant things." Included in the records is a 1984 IQ test. His score, 133, would rank him among the most intelligent Presidents in history.

There are a few unflattering disclosures. References are made to McCain's "histrionic pattern of personality adjustment" or "mildly hysterical traits," but the technical terms sound more dramatic than they really are. In essence, the doctors were saying McCain was prone to emotional excitability. But they said he could control it. The campaign blotted out most references to his feelings about his family during the years when his first marriage was unraveling.

Most of the documents pertain to the wreck of a body McCain brought back from Vietnam, specifically the five or so shattered bones that had either gone untreated or were mistreated by his captors. In recent years, McCain has had several skin cancers removed from his face and shoulders. But the report from a 1980 physical included a potentially embarrassing mention of what the doctor believed to be "herpetic lesions" on his genitals. Navy doctors who reviewed his records in the past few weeks, however, say McCain has never had a recurrence of the lesions, making it "very unlikely" he actually suffered from herpes.

That McCain felt compelled to release all this information is testimony to two things: first, to the power of the whispered allegations against him; and, second, to McCain's instinct for candor. At a holiday party last Friday night, McCain joked about how the moderators at last week's debate seemed obsessed with his temper. "They kept asking, 'Are you crazy? Are you crazy?'" Answer: No crazier than anyone else who would run for President.

—By James Carney/Washington



COURAGE UNDER FIRE
Captured after ejecting, top, and mistreated by Vietnamese doctors, left, McCain came back with a broken body, and still walks with a slight limp

CAMPAIGN 2000



POLITICAL WEAPON During a visit with Reagan, McCain saw the power of his story



SCANDAL McCain has said the Keating fiasco was as painful as his Vietnam imprisonment



THE CRUSADER McCain receives an award from the Kennedys for pushing finance reform

briefed him. But McCain only toyed with the idea, choosing instead to study at the War College, become a Navy flight instructor in 1974, and then, in 1977, to take a job his father had held 20 years before, as the Navy's liaison to the Senate. In this last role, the road forked. Even as he took that job, it was clear that his Navy career was stalled. His war injuries were still bad enough to rule out a sea command. It had taken years of physical therapy for him to be able to bend his knee again, and to this day he can't raise either arm above his head. Though his father and grandfather had been the only father-and-son four-star admirals in U.S. history, McCain was passed over by a promotions board.

Yet even as one door closed, another was opening. Here he was, a rookie staff member on Capitol Hill, and Senators were asking to have their picture taken with him. They came to his tiny office for a drink at the end of the day and often wound up talking long into the night. "Youthfulness, combat experience... and as unilitary a manner as possible," is how McCain once explained the requirements of the job.

"He was just so damn engaging and fun to be with," said former Colorado Senator Gary Hart, who would be a groomsman at McCain's second marriage in 1980. "I was amazed at his total experience and his emotional management." The admiration and familiarity not only made McCain a very effective advocate for the Navy; it also got him thinking about himself as the Distinguished

Gentleman from Somewhere. "He looked at those guys," says Jay Smith, McCain's early political guru, "and said, I can do this job."

And so there came a warm, cloudy spring day in 1981 when John McCain buried his father in Arlington National cemetery, next to his grandfather's grave, the latest McCain, in a line dating back to the Revolutionary War, to march from training to combat to valor and into the ground at Arlington. It would be a day of two ceremonies. That afternoon McCain signed his final discharge papers, turned in his identification card and wore his uniform for the last time. "It seemed to me that I was disconnected from my previous life," he says of that day. "I was concerned whether I would be able to continue their tradition."

HE MAY HAVE DEPARTED THE military for politics that day, but he never really stopped fighting. McCain's political career, from Congress to the Senate to a presidential campaign, can seem like a seamless extension of his Navy background, even of his genetic code. "He came from his grandfather and father," says high school friend Malcolm Matheson. "Both of them were small men and tough and scrappy. This man can do no other than that." His campaigns were less about issues and ideas than about hard work and grit. For him, the political is personal. He didn't much care whether you were a Democrat or a Republican, only

whether you were with him or against him. His first tutor in politics, in fact, was Arizona's Democratic Senator Morris Udall. And with a prisoner's hungry reflex, McCain always had an eye for an opportunity. "I see an opening," he says, "and I go through it"—first into Congress, then the Senate, and now the political World Series.

He succeeded not only because he had a great story to tell; other war heroes, from Bob Kerrey to Bob Dole, have failed to transfer the luster of their medals to the grimy battle for the presidency. Is McCain, who insists that he is no hero, just canner and more ruthless about marketing his heroism? Or was he born with instincts, which prison sharpened, for seizing advantage and riding it as far as it might take him? "No one will work harder," says McCain, as if that will be enough.

IF A POLITICIAN'S FIRST CAMPAIGN HAS A way of shaping him forever, then you can trace the patterns of his current New Hampshire ground war back to 1982 and the newly poured asphalt of Arizona's rapidly growing First District. Arizona may have been new to McCain, but he was not new to the state. In 1980 he had married Cindy Hensley, 18 years his junior and the daughter of one of the largest beer distributors in the country. "His history as a POW preceded him out here," she admits, "because my father was so proud of him." McCain went to work for his father-in-law as head of public relations, a job designed to increase his exposure. Mc-

THIS MILLENNIUM, **MUMM'S** THE WORD.

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AT HOME

Cain met every local politician and businessman and community leader he could, joining in such activities as a local anti-litter campaign to make his face known. But in the end it took some luck for him to find his opening. John Rhodes, the 20-year Republican minority leader from Phoenix, decided not to seek re-election, and the McCains closed on a new house in his district on the very same day.

McCain hit the streets. In the 110° Arizona summer heat, he went door to door, block by block, meeting people, dowing them with his easy charm and his great story. He told voters he had served in Washington, how his relationship with Armed Services chairman John Tower had helped bring a contract to build helicopters to a company in the First District. In the course of the slog, he contracted skin cancer and wore through three pairs of shoes, inspiring his wife to bronze the third.

His supporters were called McCain's navy, and the new civilian still remembered how to inspire the crew. Talking to a group of truck drivers at the beer distributorship where he worked, he joked, "You guys need to put my bumper stickers on your trucks, you need to tell your wives and you need to spread the word. Because if I lose, I'm going to be running this company someday and I'll fire half of you and the other half will be miserable."

It was in this race that McCain first tested his powers of inoculation, which have served him well ever since. He didn't have to worry about critics raising the question of his womanizing and the collapse of his first marriage because McCain had said flat out, as he does to this day, that these failures were his fault. He instructed his adviser Smith not to constantly harp on the Story. "He wasn't comfortable exploiting it," Smith recalls. "Whatever you do, be tasteful," he would say. "I don't want to be the row candidate. I want to be John McCain from Arizona." Yet he was prepared to roll out the artillery himself when he needed it.

From the start, McCain was attacked as an opportunist and a carpetbagger. His high-priced Washington consultants, big war chest and television ads did nothing to alter that image. At a debate with his three Republican primary opponents, he took aim at the issue and killed it dead. "Listen, pal," he replied to a challenge to his status as an Arizonan. "I spent 22 years in the Navy. My

TROPHIES AND AN IGUANA

CINDY! I'M GONNA SHOW JAY THE IGUANA!" IT'S NOT YET 8 A.M. ON MONDAY morning, and John McCain is marching through the living room of his house in Phoenix, Ariz., headed for the back bedrooms, leading a reporter who is asking about the New Hampshire primary on a tour of his children's pet collection. Before his wife Cindy can holler back—"Just don't show him the bedroom! It's a mess!"—McCain has swept past the wide-open door to their bedroom, where clothes are strewn across the floor and bed, into the lair of McCain's 13-year-old son Jack, where a 25-in. iguana is staring back from a glass case. "We've had him since he was this big," McCain says, holding his index fingers about 5 in. apart. Standing there, he remembers the question about New Hampshire. "I don't know," he says matter-of-factly. "Maybe I have peaked too soon." But then he dismisses the notion—"We're still way behind" everywhere else—and the thought seems to give him energy.

Not that he needs it. Reporters who say they want to spend the day with him but don't show up until 8 get voice-mail messages from the Senator. "Hope I'm not disturbing your sleep, you lazy bastards!" In Phoenix on Monday morning, he darts around the house, from room to room, pointing to his collection of Hopi kachina dolls or the autographed boxing gloves from Evander Holyfield. Every surface in the living areas of the house, horizontal and vertical, is covered with something—photographs or plaques; framed programs from the 1992 christening of the U.S.S. *John S. McCain*, a guided-missile destroyer named after both his father and grandfather; a model train designed after the full-size one McCain used to win his first Senate victory, complete with a tiny version of him with a shock of white hair at the back of the caboose. And there are three bricks from the Hanoi Hilton, the prison where McCain spent a part of his POW years.

But McCain is more interested in showing off the pets—the iguana, the hamster and Leo the snake—as well as the house itself with its vast deck, pool and hot tub off the master bedroom, as if to say that life has been good to him after all. The four kids have already been packed off to school. And now Cindy, in this Phoenix home where she grew up, is in charge. She's more commanding here than in Washington, where even after 19 years in the role of a politician's wife, she still seems tentative. She says all the right things about believing her husband would make a good President, but her ambivalence about the race is palpable. Asked about living in a confining White House, her smile is tight. "I've told the kids that we'd all be serving the country," she says.

McCain's people are still worried about the stories about his temper. The campaign staff in Washington pages a reporter later that day to ask why he's interviewing McCain's critics in Arizona. The staff has taken on the us-vs.-them world view of the candidate himself. At the next stop on the house tour, in front of Leo, the garden snake that once got lost for more than a week in the innards of the family's Chevy Suburban only to pop out of a cup holder one frightful day, McCain is momentarily broody. "What's happening now is just unbelievable," he says. He means the "whisper campaign" about his alleged emotional volatility. "But I guess you have to expect it." What McCain had not expected is something closer to home: not long ago, he was told the iguana, named Henry, had to be renamed Henrietta, after she laid an egg.

—By James Carney/Phoenix



CRITTER LOVERS McCain and his son Jack check on their big tropical lizard



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CAMPAIGN 2000

father was in the Navy. My grandfather was in the Navy. We in the military service tend to move a lot. I wish I could have had the luxury, like you, of growing up and living and spending my entire life in a place like the First District of Arizona, but I was doing other things. As a matter of fact, when I think about it now, the place I lived longest in my life was Hanoi." The issue didn't come up much after that.

McCain was enough of a celebrity among freshman Representatives that they elected him President of their 1982 class. And to the extent that he focused on anything, it was helping lawmakers who had never worn a uniform make smarter decisions about what American soldiers should and should not be asked to do. He spoke out passionately about the need to aid the Nicaraguan *contras*. But even early on, he was not just Reagan's pet. In September 1983, barely nine months after taking office, he loudly opposed keeping U.S. Marines in Lebanon an additional 18 months. Though lots of speakers referred to Vietnam, McCain was among the few who had actually been there. Still, he lost, the Marines stayed—and a month later, when the bombing of the barracks left 241 ser-

vicemen dead, McCain was vindicated, as his party got its first taste of how willing he was to go his own way.

War is hell, and politics can be too when you treat it like one. Home-state politicians complain that as he rose to power, McCain worked to turn the Arizona Republican Party into his personal fleet, tacking to his orders and subject to his discipline. Anyone who stepped out of line would find McCain out recruiting primary challengers, even down to the city-council races. "You are either with him," says a local politician who supports McCain, "or you're wearing the black hat." Says his former administrative assistant Grant Woods, with whom relations have gone sour: "As a maverick McCain doesn't tolerate mavericks well."

It was not until he fought for and won Barry Goldwater's Senate seat in 1986 that McCain began to search for a broader mission. "In the Senate you have greater freedom," recalls former administrative assistant Chris

Koch. "It's not that he had a specific agenda of A, B, C. He just wanted to get out of being perceived as just a Navy guy and war hero who is good on national security." And soon enough he had a chance to fight for a cause closer to his constituents' hearts—when he resisted a rise in Medicare premiums. It was his greatest political victory to date—and, as it happened, the next day brought the worst defeat.

Cindy McCain remembers exactly how she heard the news. She was in the hospital, recovering from painful back surgery. "A resident came in and threw the newspaper on the bed," she recalls. The headlines revealed that McCain had received \$112,000

FOREIGN POLICY

WHERE MCCAIN HITS BUSH THE HARDEST

By ROMESH RATNESAR WASHINGTON

FOR JOHN MCCAIN, IT WAS A MOMENT IN THE SUN: VETERANS Day, a brilliant New Hampshire afternoon, the onetime war hero soaking up the applause at soldiers' homes and Main Street parades. But McCain didn't want to talk much about domestic hot buttons like health care and Social Security, or about his swelling poll numbers, or even about campaign-finance reform. "I want to talk for a moment about Chechnya," he said to a few reporters on his campaign bus, before launching into a critique of Russia's "brutal to the extreme" war and announcing that if he were President, he'd move to cut off the International Monetary Fund's loans to Moscow.

Tough-minded and spontaneous, the statement turned out to be a small triumph for McCain. George W. Bush unveiled a near identical position on Chechnya more than a week later—in a pre-cooked foreign-policy address—but by then it sounded stale. "McCain was the first senior American politician to say that what the Russians are doing is genocide," says former National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski. "It was a gutsy call, and he called it just right." It was more than good timing. While campaign finance is his calling card, foreign affairs is McCain's intellectual passion. Flashing his foreign-policy credentials has become a crucial tactic, because it reminds audiences of his heroic past as well



as the advantages he holds over Bush in expertise and experience. After delivering a wide-ranging foreign-policy speech in Washington last week, McCain all but dared his opponents to challenge him. "I'd love it if this were the only subject of discussion," he said.

Sometimes it is: McCain will often fill his travel time with animated discussions about global hot spots from Chechnya to China. When a local New Hampshire pol asked him a question about Lebanon last month, he unfurled a lengthy answer that included a consideration of whether Syrian President Hafez Assad will be succeeded by his son Bashar or his brother Rifaat. While McCain swipes at Bush's reliance on foreign-policy gurus—"When there is a crisis," he says, "I won't have to consult advisers"—he talks shop with many members of the foreign-policy firmament, including Jeane Kirkpatrick, Henry Kissinger, Brent Scowcroft and Brzezinski. In those conversations, McCain's approach diverges from his blustery image. "He is sober, analytical

in campaign contributions from Charles Keating, the sleazy S&L owner whose collapsed empire cost taxpayers more than \$3 billion and wiped out the stockholdings of thousands of small investors. "I guess your husband is not such a great guy after all," the resident told her.

McCain and four other Senators—all Democrats—were charged with meeting with Keating as he sought some protection from regulators who were closing in on his crumbling empire. In McCain's case, the charge was especially galling. When Keating asked for a favor and McCain resisted, Keating told another Senator that McCain was a wimp. The next time Keating ap-

peared in McCain's office, the Senator took him apart. "I did not serve 5½ years in a POW camp to have my integrity questioned," Koch recalls him saying.

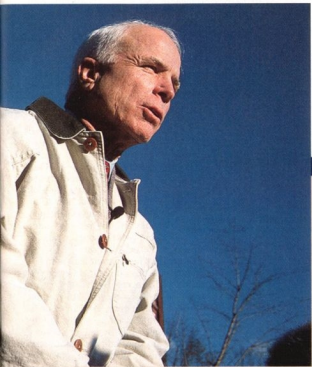
Never mind that the Senate Ethics Committee's Democratic counsel urged that the charges against McCain be dropped. Or that in the end he got a slap on the wrist for showing "poor judgment." Nearly half the voters in his home state said they thought he should resign. The scandal was so damaging that it all but erased the Story. Now McCain's homeric epithet was no longer War Hero. It was Member of the Keating Five, as though his medals had been publicly stripped from his chest.

That investigation, McCain has said, closing the loop, was every bit as painful as imprisonment. It was during that time his wife became addicted to painkillers—and he did not notice. His allies say the rough passage carved his political identity. "People get inspired to do great things by bad

things," suggests Torie Clarke, his former press secretary. "In many ways being a POW was the best thing that happened to him as a person. And Keating was the best thing that happened to him as a public servant."

In retrospect, McCain claims that the lesson he learned from the Keating scandal was that in politics, appearances matter. Even if he hadn't done anything wrong, guilt by association was enough to ruin even his image. But it's hard to see that as the main lesson, given how careless he still is about appearances. He denounces big-spending special interests and yet accepts flights on corporate jets; he puts the speaker of the Arizona house of representatives on his campaign payroll despite a flurry of ethics charges around him; he neglects to recuse himself from debates about measures that would affect his family beer business.

Far from making him more sensitive, the Keating Five scandal was a near death experience that changed the way he saw himself and the system. McCain had been at best a reformer junior grade. In fact, he voted against campaign-reform measures before being sucked into the sewer himself. He used to brag about the pork he brought home to Arizona. When an opponent in the



and careful," Kissinger says. "I have never seen an emotional reaction from him on questions of foreign affairs."

Between McCain and Bush lie some real differences in both style and substance. McCain is less guarded about American pre-eminence and the role of America's "founding ideals" in foreign policy. Last week he outlined a more aggressive policy of "rollback" toward rogue states like Yugoslavia, Iraq and North Korea. But like Bush, McCain is a free-trade internationalist who believes the U.S. should participate in multilateral organizations and work with allies. McCain is more openly critical of China, calling its leaders "determined... ruthless defenders of their regime"; but he and Bush support Chinese membership in the World Trade Organization. And both hammer the Administration for its Russia policies, for sending U.S. troops on too many peacekeeping missions and for a "mystifying uncertainty" about how to intervene in the world.

And yet McCain's position on American intervention has also wavered. In 1983 he stood up to one of his idols, Ronald Reagan, and called for a pullout of Marines from Lebanon. He was a staunch supporter of the Gulf War and the initial humanitarian mission in Somalia but demanded U.S. troops be withdrawn after the combat deaths of 18 Americans there. McCain vacillated over the Balkans: in 1993 he opposed air strikes against the Bosnian Serbs, but in late 1995 he lobbied hard to secure Senate support for Clinton's deployment of troops to enforce the Dayton peace agreement. McCain quickly soured on the mission but twice blocked C.O.P. efforts to withdraw funds for it. Though he was mercilessly critical of Clinton's halfhearted prosecution of the war in Kosovo, he agreed that American interests and credibility were threatened and that force was justified. He has since said that he "was completely wrong" to oppose similar action in Bosnia. "John's not an absolutist," says Nebraska Senator Chuck Hagel. "In this kind of world, that would be damn dangerous."

Despite McCain's occasional inconsistencies, his supporters argue that he would have an unmatched amount of credibility and conviction when it really counts: the moment a President decides to send troops into conflict. "The decisions you face in the White House are 50.1 against 49.9, and there are persuasive people on both sides," Kissinger says. "McCain has had the sort of experience that he could not have survived without knowing who he was and what he stood for." Says Connecticut Senator Joseph Lieberman, one of McCain's Democratic allies: "John has lived for years with these foreign-policy questions. It's not to say that someone who has not dealt with [them] cannot learn. It just takes time." McCain needs to convince voters that they can't afford to wait. —With reporting by

John F. Dickerson/Washington

CAMPAIGN 2000

1986 Senate race pointed out the massive campaign contributions that McCain was receiving from defense contractors, McCain accused him of running "one of the most sloppy and dirty campaigns in Arizona's history." But all the while, he was chasing much needed campaign cash, just like any other pol. "I think he brushed up against it," says Clarke of the whole influence-peddling swamp, "and the horror of brushing up against it inspired him to become the reformer he is."

That's the film version, anyway. You could also argue that McCain spun around and embraced reform as a desperate bid to win back his strength and standing. But a funny thing happened on the way to his deathbed conversion: he really converted. By 1994 he was calling Democrat Russ Feingold, arguably the least powerful man in the Senate, and proposing that they join forces to reinvent the whole way money worked in politics. No PAC money. Free TV. No soft money. It was a crusade that was guaranteed to lose friends and alienate people, especially the ones he would need if he ever wanted to get anything else done.

But it was also perfect for John McCain, citizen soldier, maverick hell raiser. Whatever self-image he brings to the table, campaign reform taps every theme. Only a truly brave politician would take on the whole system that had brought his party to power in the first place. This cause isn't just Greater Than His Own Self-Interest—it goes directly against his self-interest. His party is in power, after all, so it controls the spigots. Campaign-finance reform has become McCain's Unified Field Theory of Politics. All problems—HMO reform, education, military waste, the 44,000-page tax code—come down to this one problem: help me fix it, and we'll be able to fix everything else.

IN A CAMPAIGN OF BIG IDEAS, THAT MAY BE a big enough idea to carry him a long way. There is the problem that if McCain, the Renegade Challenger, actually manages to topple Bush, the Establishment Kid, he disproves his reason for running. Money would not have made all the difference, after all. And there is the problem, which he himself acknowledges, about basing a campaign on reform. "Most people," he says, "are busy thinking about other things. They don't think government makes much differ-

ence in their lives." It would be easy if they were as angry as he is; but instead, they're mainly just detached from a system that seemed to stop speaking to them years ago.

And McCain, for all his candor and accessibility, seems somehow detached from them. Senators, like sailors, live strange lives, far from home. But McCain has a special handicap when it comes to reaching out to voters and understanding what really matters to them. Heroes don't live at sea level; they live on pedestals. And he has been to places few others have. "Pain

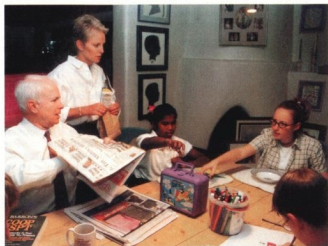
and deflate himself. A presidential candidate is not supposed to talk at length and on the record about the rules he broke or the strippers he dated, or the time he arrived so drunk that he fell through the screen door of the young lady he was wooing. The candor tells you more than the content, and reporters sometimes just decide to take him off the record because they don't want to see him flame out and burn up a great story.

The problem is that up on the stage, when he tries to tell stories not about his reckless youth or his heroic comrades but about average Americans and their everyday lives, he is working with much dryer clay. He is best when he is angry, not empathic. He blazes with indignation that 12,000 military families are on food stamps while Congress approves a \$325 million aircraft carrier the Pentagon doesn't want. But when the subject turns to the dining-room-table issues that top every list of voter concerns—education, health care, moral values—McCain seems to lose some fire. In last week's debate, he took a question about how to fix HMOs—an issue as salient as they come—and not once but twice pivoted to talk instead about Internet taxation.

His advisers justify their early emphasis on biography by noting that George W. Bush entered the race with 100% name recognition, even if some folks still get him confused with his father. McCain came in a relative unknown, and so has had to introduce himself. Only by telling his story will he have any credibility when he starts saying what he would fight for, given the chance.

But they know he has to move on now, build a bridge from the bio to the issues. Starting last week, with a foreign-policy speech Wednesday, McCain began to roll out his positions—national security this week, then health care, education and the economy. For once, the focus will be less on who he is than what he says he'll do.

This is a much harder story to tell, not just for McCain but for all the candidates trying to capture voters' attention in a campaign season in which the markets are up and the world is peaceful and folks have so many other things on their mind. Even for a man with a great story, it's a hard sell. Maybe McCain is right to try to capture their imagination instead. ■

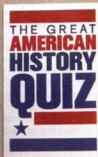
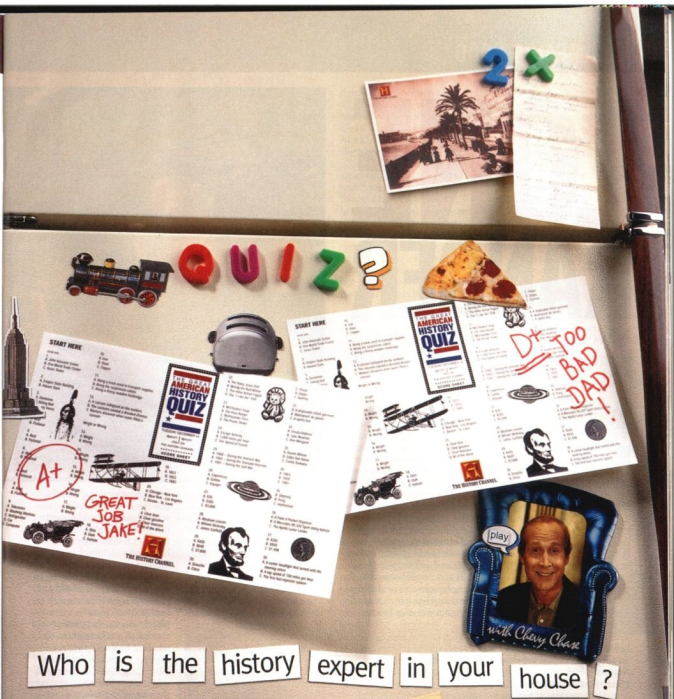


HOME TROOP McCain and wife Cindy at breakfast with their youngest children—Jack, Bridget, Meghan and Jimmy (clockwise from lower left)



THE ADMIRALS John III between grandpa Slew and father John Jr.; also brother Joe makes it difficult to see," says his friend Bob Kerrey, another Vietnam hero who once tried to connect with New Hampshire voters. "It can blind you and narrow you, whether it's the pain of loneliness, or physical pain or the pain of loss."

So McCain, more than any other politician in America, works hard to pull people in, a constant reminder that he's not in solitary anymore. There is no entourage, no bubble of staff members around him keeping voters and reporters at bay. And then there are the stories he tells—to which, if there's a pattern, it's to exalt other people



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LONE RANGER

Never a scripted politician, the unguarded John McCain warms to New Hampshire, and vice versa

By STEVE LOPEZ
MANCHESTER

IF SENATOR JOHN MCCAIN is elected President, there's going to be a mad dash for the exits at the Secret Service agency. There will be no way to protect this man. Three well-fed officers from the North Hampton, N.H., police department were trying to buffer McCain from an admiring swarm after a town hall meeting last Thursday, but the cops didn't stand a chance.

McCain had killed yet again with an act that was part Johnny Carson and part Harry Truman, and the locals were hot to squeeze his hand, get an autograph or just get close. None of which requires any great effort, because McCain is easier to get access to than a Hong Kong hooker.

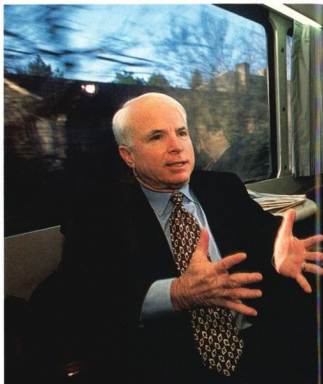
When he had patiently heard every last World War II remembrance and prescription-drug horror story, he boarded his bus, the Straight Talk Express, and reporters crowded around him like ants invited to a picnic. In most campaigns, a reporter has to grovel, scream or fake a nervous breakdown to get some chat time with a candi-

date. But all access, all the time has been McCain's way for years. Three senior campaign officials were squished against the bathroom door of his bus last week to leave seats open for print and TV crews.

Among McCain's first unguarded words that morning were, "Where's the goddam doughnuts?" Before long, he had insulted the French, teased his wife Cindy about a former boyfriend and flogged Democrats and Republicans alike for being bought and paid for by one shameless lobby or another. And it was only 10 a.m.



IN THE HOTEL Even offstage, the McCains are coiled with energy



ON THE BUS In an act that is part Johnny Carson, part Harry Truman

"[Ten] years ago, the richest man in the world was ...?" McCain asked, springing a pop quiz and calling on George Stephanopoulos, the former Clinton wunderkind and now ABC commentator, who couldn't answer. Sultan of Brunei, McCain said, going on to make his point that three of the five richest men in the

world now live near Seattle, and the new millennium presents challenges and opportunities no one imagined. And then, with schoolboy delight, he called out, "Stephanopoulos flunked the quiz."

What we are witnessing in New Hampshire is a bold and risky adventure not seen in recent political history: a completely unguarded presidential candidate just being himself, whether he's with the monkeys on the bus or the honest labor force. Such an approach might seem like nothing more than horse sense to the average Joe, but we're at a point in campaign politics where anyone who is remotely comfortable in his own skin comes off like Abe Lincoln.

Last week, in little towns like Exeter, North Hampton and Pembroke, you found even Democrats applauding McCain's goofy wit, sobering war stories and passionate homilies on money as the root of all evil in Washington. And



McCain plays to SRO crowds both on his bus and in town halls

you found people who don't even agree with his conservative positions on issues like abortion or gun control festooned with McCain buttons.

"Look at the way he took the microphone and was walking around the stage like that. He enjoyed the hell out of this audience, and he was speaking with us, not to us," said Democrat Jack Hayes, 69, after McCain spoke at a jam-packed Phillips Exeter Academy on Wednesday night. "I mean, he gives you himself! And I love the way he's taking on his own party on campaign finance. What a gutsy call that is."

Part of McCain's jump in the polls has to do with the nature of New Hampshire, where you're never sure they aren't busing the same 200 people to every event. The state looks as if it was going to be another Disney park, but they stopped building after Main Street and Frontierland and just turned it into Campaignworld. "With all due respect to the other 49

states," McCain says, "these people take it as their civic duty" to go see what a candidate looks and feels like. After more than 60 town meetings, he's got to know people by name. And in intimate, Rockwellian settings, McCain's story and his complete lack of pretense connect in a big way, especially since some of the other candidates come off as if they've got computer chips implanted in their brain stem.

"I have two children, and I want to be able to point to the White House and teach a character lesson rather than have to apologize," said McCain volunteer Karen Baetzel, 42, an East Kingston homemaker who caught the town hall meeting in North Hampton. "I've heard him described as a maverick, but I think that's trite. He may be different from his colleagues on policy issues, but he's very much like the rest of us. He's a regular person."

A regular person who has

lived an extraordinary life, and all the Legionnaire's caps in McCain audiences remind you that that's part of the appeal. At a time when the leading Republican candidate—among others—could be called a classic example of a man who was born on third base and thought he hit a triple, McCain has lived. He's been shot out of the sky and tortured. He has by his own account wrecked a marriage. And he conveys the sense that he stands before you flawed but fearless, nothing to hide. Even his skin is transparent.

"Senator McCain, can you explain how you became involved in the savings and loan crisis?" a student asked at Phillips Exeter Academy.

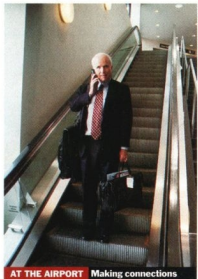
"Thank you for the question," McCain said. Comfortably pacing the stage, hand in pocket, he explained that he attended a meeting he shouldn't have. "The fact is, it was the wrong thing to do, and it'll be on my tombstone and deservedly so."

In North Hampton, he tussled with a prickly questioner who insisted you can't have campaign-finance reform before tax reform. "I have the reverse view," McCain responded, saying there's a 44,000-page tax code because every special interest in the land has bought a loophole. When the man kept at it, McCain said, "I appreciate your anger, by the way. If you want, I'll have a temper tantrum for you."

In McCain's company, you hear sooner or later that "we have so little water in Arizona, the trees chase the dogs," and "We shouldn't pay a good teacher less than a bad Senator." His wife Cindy says, "He watched a lot of Johnny Carson." In Washington on Wednesday, he told the Republican Jewish Coalition that so many speakers came before him, "I feel like Zsa Zsa Gabor's fifth husband. I know

what to do, but I don't know how to make it interesting."

Aboard the Straight Talk Express, you keep looking out the bus window to make sure you're not in the Catskills. "I wish I could have thought of a few more jokes," McCain said Friday morning, grading himself on the debate and stuffing a glazed doughnut into his mouth. The line about how if Alan Greenspan were to die he would prop him up like the guy in *Weekend at Bernie's* was his own, he proudly claimed, saying it should tell you something about "the cultural level of our house." They've got the sequel too, he said. Cindy, who sometimes rides a separate bus that they



privately call the Estrogen Express, smiled and touched up her lipstick.

The bus hits a bump, and it knocks another line loose. "The scandal in Washington wasn't Monica Lewinsky. The scandal was that the President turned the Lincoln Bedroom into Motel 6, and he was the bellhop."

Do we have time for one more?

"Thank you for coming, and please remember the words of the late Mayor Daley of Chicago, who said, Vote early and often." ■

PUBLIC EYE ■ Margaret Carlson

BUSH'S NEW FRATERNITY BROTHERS

The front runner could have no better protectors than the Republican Governors

■ WAS AT GROUND ZERO OF THE DE FACTO STOP MCCAIN MOVEMENT recently, as a guest speaker at the Republican Governors Association at La Costa, a luxurious California resort with clay tennis courts, milk baths and valets dressed like footmen.

In exchange for being on the program, I got more face time than usual with the Governors, including late-night margaritas and brandy. While I was fascinated by their discussion about taxing sales on the Internet, what I was really looking for was any crack in their pre-emptive, granite-hard support for their colleague, Governor George W. Bush. Lately, he had given off a slight whiff of Dan Quayle, and his first debate was imminent. Senator John McCain was showing surprising strength. And surely there must be some Oval Office envy, given that one of their own had left them in the presidential dust. Stare in the mirror now, and at best there's a Vice President staring back. I was certain there would be some hurt feelings when Bush dissed the meeting entirely, even though he was only 15 minutes away in San Diego raising money.

I wheedled the teeniest glimmer of criticism out of North Dakota Governor Ed Schafer, the incoming chair of the association, who allowed as how he thought it would be a nice touch if the Governor were to make a cameo appearance, given that the group was voting a pre-primary endorsement of him, the first in its 36-year history. But when Bush sent word—"Love ya, but can't get there"—Schafer was all forgiveness. "It wouldn't have been a good use of a presidential candidate's time. He's already got us."

Boy, does he. There's no establishment like the Republican Establishment. These guys don't complain; they don't wobble; they won't entertain the notion that Bush is sligher than many others in their exclusive club, like Wisconsin's Tommy Thompson, who considered running but didn't when he concluded that "Bush was more famous, had more money and was better looking." Bush has advantages the rest of them don't—lineage, family crest and primogeniture—not to mention that modern tool of war, a massive treasury. He also wooed them, as if he were back at his fraternity house. And he still does: he arm squeezes and bear hugs; he calls; he has them to the mansion. He gives each one a nickname. What does it matter if he isn't the wonkiest among them? These are can-do guys who admire a winner and want more than anything to regain the throne lost to an illegitimate king in 1992. They aren't concerned that their own loyal subjects may not like being told what to do. They're in love.

Unlike Dole in '96, Bush invites them to come along for the ride. He's a constant buddy movie. He took Montana Governor

Marc Racicot on his plane to New Hampshire for last Thursday's debate there. In exchange, Bush has been the beneficiary of the Governors' outside money and political operations. Pennsylvania Governor Tom Ridge says Bush is the first candidate "to absorb the Governors' organizations so completely into his own."

If the Governors squabble among themselves, it's over who will throw up the best fire wall, should McCain wound Bush in New Hampshire or South Carolina. "I'm solid asbestos," Michigan Governor John Engler crows. "I'm not conceding anything to McCain in New Hampshire, but when he gets to Michigan on Feb. 22, he runs into a state where I've got an organization that has won for me three times, where the legislature is overwhelmingly for Bush, where 65% of county chairmen are already lined up. On Veteran's Day, in bellwether Macomb County, 250 leaders came out from every city and township to sign up with Bush."

Engler has so wrapped up the players that McCain did not name a state chair until mid-November, and he's a rookie at that.

One week after Michigan, Virginia's Governor Jim Gilmore is ready with his bright red ladder truck and wailing siren as well. "George and Laura campaigned here so that the G.O.P. got control of the legislature, and I intend to return the favor. Virginia will

be a giant step in his winning march," he says. To that end, he moved Virginia's primary up to Feb. 29. As for Governor George Pataki's New York, which votes on March 7: fuhgeddaboutit. Despite improvements in the state's unconscionable ballot access requirements, Pataki has kept it sufficiently difficult that it would take a miracle for McCain to qualify in enough districts to have a shot. And Bush is even competing in McCain's Arizona, with Governor Jane Hull's help, which is forcing the Senator to spend scarce resources there.

So what do the Governors get out of Bush for their fealty? Attention, as he triangulates against the less popular Republicans in Congress; money, as he promises to send more to the states; and the possibility that one of them will be his Vice President. At the Iowa straw poll in August, Bush squealed, "Tommy T., you're the best," to the Wisconsin Governor on the short list. In June, Bush ran along the Susquehanna River with Pennsylvania's Ridge during a two-day swing through that state and joked that he "would make a great jogging mate." His campaign has registered Bush-Ridge on the Internet, but also Bush-Engler, Bush-Pataki and Bush-Whitman.

So life for Bush remains a lot like rush time at the DKE house. At a time of peace and good times, he's not worried about the talent contest. He's already won Mr. Congeniality. ■



Michigan's Engler says his state is a "solid asbestos" fire wall for Bush



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"Why Do People Have To Push Me Like That?"

The torment and murder of a gay soldier cast a harsh light on the practice of "Don't ask, don't tell"

By MARK THOMPSON FORT CAMPBELL

IF IT HAD BEEN ANYONE ELSE WHO STOOD up to Private Calvin Glover about his outrageous, macho bragging that summer night, things might have turned out differently. But it may have been just too humiliating to be challenged by Private First Class Barry Winchell, of all people. Glover was in full boast on the eve of July Fourth as he and his fellow soldiers drank beer around the concrete picnic table outside their barracks at Fort Campbell, Ky. "He would say he was on 'smack' since he was 10," Private First Class Nikita Sanarov said, "and had been on probation since he was 12. Stuff like that." Recalls Private First Class Arthur Hoffman: "He was just trying to make himself look like a badass. The stories were pretty out there."

Finally one of the beer drinkers, Winchell, told Glover that he was full of it. Glover walked up to Winchell and tried to knock a beer from his hand but failed. Winchell insisted he didn't want to fight, but something drove Glover to keep provoking one. Finally, Winchell tossed his beer aside and hit Glover quickly several times with the heel of his hand. As Glover reeled backward, Winchell grabbed him around the waist and threw him to the ground. That should have been the end to an ordinary fight, but for Glover the stakes were higher. He had just been beat by a man whose suspected homosexuality had preoccupied the barracks for months. "It ain't over," Glover vowed to Winchell. "I will ... kill you."

That is the story that Army prosecutors are expected to tell in a court-martial scheduled to begin this week in the tiny, white courthouse at this Kentucky post. They will allege that Glover followed through on his threat the next night, creeping up to Winchell's cot as he slept

and smashing his head in with a baseball bat. But Glover is not the only one on trial. The Army is haunted by the fear that it may be seen as his accomplice for fumbling the military's policy on gays in uniform, not just in this case, but on a more widespread basis.

Until 1994, when the Clinton Adminis-



TRAGIC ROLES Prosecutors contend Winchell, above, was ambushed by Glover, at right in handcuffs. Winchell's cross-dressing friend Addams spoke at a memorial service, below



tration imposed the doctrine of "Don't ask, don't tell," gays had been barred, at least in theory, from military service. Under the new rules, endorsed by Congress, commanders cannot ask about a soldier's sexual orientation without specific evidence of homosexual conduct. And soldiers, regard-

less of their orientation, are to be permitted to serve as long as they keep their sex lives private. Yet the number of soldiers discharged for being gay has grown steadily since the policy began, from 156 in 1993 to 312 last year. Antigay harassment, too, is on the rise in the military's ranks, according to the Servicemembers Legal Defense Network, a pro-gay group that tracks such incidents. In fact, the allegations surrounding Winchell's life and death suggest that the "Don't ask, don't tell" policy, far from being a neat compromise between barring gays and openly accepting them, is being carried out in a way that can create a dangerous atmosphere of intrigue in the ranks.

While the military has issued a gag order in the Winchell proceedings, a TIME reconstruction of the prosecution's case, based on pretrial statements and testimony, gives a grim account of what transpired at Barracks 4028. Winchell, a .50-cal. machine gunner, loved being in the vaunted 101st Airborne Division—the "Screaming Eagles"—which has played key roles in U.S. military triumphs from D-day to the Gulf War. A native of Kansas City, Mo., Winchell enlisted in 1997 and dreamed of becoming an Army helicopter pilot. But the 21-year-old also had a recurring nightmare: that someone would find out he was gay and end his Army career. Winchell had a girlfriend during basic training at Fort Benning, Ga., but after transferring to Fort Campbell in May 1998, he began spending time with a man who performed as a woman at a Nashville, Tenn., nightclub. He acknowledged to the wife of a fellow soldier that he was gay.

One night last March, Winchell and his barracks roommate, Specialist Justin Fisher, drove to Nashville and visited the Connection, a mostly gay dance club. It was there that Winchell met Cal ("Calpernia") Addams, an ex-Navy medic and female impersonator. Winchell's regular trips to the club led soldiers in his unit to whisper about the "drag queen" he was dating. The talk depressed Winchell. He had struggled in school with dyslexia, and he was succeeding at something for the first time in the Army. He wanted to make it his career. "He was really worried about people talking about him being gay," said Specialist Lewis Ruiz, a friend. "That was a big deal, because he really wanted to stay in the Army and didn't want to have his name dragged through the mud."

But virulent antigay bigotry remains an accepted prejudice in much of the U.S. military. So when rumors began to float around that someone in the unit might be gay, a sergeant—in violation of "Don't ask, don't tell"—launched his own informal probe. Fisher had gone to the platoon sergeant, Michael Kleifgen, and said he had dropped a soldier in their unit off at the Connection. He didn't name Winchell, but he specified the date. Kleifgen thumbed through Delta Company's roster and asked soldiers where they had been that night. The sergeant concluded that Winchell had been Fisher's passenger, and later pressed Winchell about it. "[He] was in my truck," the sergeant said. "I asked him if he was gay." Winchell knew his career was in jeopardy, so he denied it, and the sergeant didn't pursue it any further. "I left it at that, because the military has a policy of 'Don't ask, don't tell,'" the sergeant told investigators, apparently oblivious that he had just violated the policy.

The gossip persisted and "seemed to be affecting the platoon," Staff Sergeant Eric Dubielak testified. Even Winchell's superiors began piling on. The company's first sergeant said he was going to "get that little faggot" when Winchell showed up for duty one day smelling of alcohol, according to testimony. "Pretty much everybody in the company called him derogatory names," Kleifgen told a pretrial hearing. "They called him a 'faggot' and stuff like that, I would say on a daily basis. A lot of times, he was walking around down in the dumps." Yet the sergeant let the trash talking continue, contrary to Army policy. "Everybody was having fun," Kleifgen said, trying to explain why he hadn't ordered a halt.

Winchell was in a bind: to complain about the abuse would suggest the stories were true. If he acknowledged he was gay, he would have to leave the Army. Better to simply shrug off the slurs. But by the time the fight broke out between Glover and Winchell, the atmosphere was poisoned. "I can't believe it," Glover confided to his fellow grunts after Winchell floored him. "I won't let a faggot kick my ass." But Winchell apparently had dismissed Glover's death threat as more braggadocio. And he didn't relish his win. "Why," he asked a fellow soldier, "do people have to push me like that?"

The next night—Independence Day—a dozen or so soldiers held a hot-dog cookout around the picnic table. A radio

bleared music while the soldiers played Wiffle ball and drained a keg of beer. Although 21 is the legal drinking age in Kentucky, younger troops—like the 18-year-old Glover—downed many beers that night. A staff sergeant on duty in the barracks did nothing to halt the illegal drinking. Glover and Winchell kept away from each other, one soldier said, and there was no overt hostility between them. As midnight drew closer, the keg dribbled dry. Glover began whacking the empty aluminum cask with the Wiffle-ball bat.

With the beer gone, soldiers drifted away. Winchell was taking care of the battalion's mascot, an Australian blue heeler named Nasty. Dogs aren't allowed in barracks rooms, so he pulled a cot from the third-floor room he shared with Fish-

Glover as saying, "How'd you get blood on your bat?" Fisher asked. "I hit Winchell with it," Glover allegedly replied. The pair went outside to check on Winchell. The cot, the nearby walls and Winchell's blanket were all splashed in crimson. Glover slipped a gloved hand underneath Winchell's battered head. "Yeah," he said. "He's done." Nasty began barking loudly. Glover fled the scene, allegedly trying to rid himself of Winchell's blood and any other incriminating evidence. Fisher became hysterical. "Don't die, Winchell! Don't die!" he shouted at his roommate. "Come on, breathe!"

Fisher ran down one flight of stairs to Sanarov's room because Sanarov had a car they could use to take Winchell to the hospital. "Winchell is dying!" he screamed. Sanarov saw Glover as he retrieved his car. "I

saw Private Glover running with his hands full of gloves and clothes, heading toward the Dumpster," Sanarov said. (Army investigators say they found bloody jeans and gloves in the trash bin and a bloody T shirt and socks in Glover's room.) Back in the barracks, Winchell struggled to breathe, gurgling on his own blood. Both his eyes were blackened and swollen shut. Blood poured, and brains oozed, from the left side of his head. An Army investigator said it had been shattered "like an eggshell." Fisher, panicking, pulled the barracks fire alarm, which woke the rest of the soldiers. As medics loaded Winchell into an ambulance, a soaking-wet Glover showed up and asked the soldiers what was going on.

Winchell, airlifted to Vanderbilt University Medical Center in Nashville, died 30 hours after the attack. He never regained consciousness. That same day, Glover—by then in the Fort Campbell jail—allegedly confessed to a fellow prisoner. Glover claimed he had left the party to escape Winchell's homosexual passes. "He ran into the guy again, and that's when he beat him down," Private Kenneth Buckler said. "He said he didn't want to kill him—he wanted to teach him a lesson. But he could tell he was dead after he did what he was doing." Nonetheless, Glover pleaded not guilty to the murder charge last month.

He faces the possibility of spending the rest of his life in the U.S. Disciplinary Barracks at Fort Leavenworth, Kans. Fisher, scheduled to face a court-martial next week, could receive the same sentence. Their fate, and Winchell's, suggests that "Don't ask, don't tell" is an unfulfilled promise, not a functioning policy. ■



SHOWDOWN The picnic bench where the fateful fight broke out

er, 26, onto the open-air landing. What happened next is based on what Fisher has told the Army. His credibility is questionable, though, because he faces charges of lying to Army investigators, in addition to conspiring with Glover to murder Winchell and being an accessory to the crime. Sometime after 2 a.m., Fisher said Glover saw Winchell sleeping on the cot, with the dog tied to it. "What's that fag doing sleeping there?" Glover asked Fisher. The pair entered the room Fisher and Winchell shared, where Fisher kept a baseball bat. Glover grabbed the bat and, with what an Army prosecutor called a "wide-eyed, psychotic look," began making slashing motions with it.

Fisher then apparently left the scene for a while. He returned a short time later to see Glover at the sink. "I got some blood on your bat—help me clean it," Fisher quoted

ARND BRONKHORST/REUTERS

SPECIAL ADVERTISING FEATURE

Suzuki presents Heisman Heroes

Backbreaking Buckeyes

NOBODY WHO CAN TELL A FOOTBALL FROM A footrest would dare compare the running styles of Archie Griffin and Eddie George, the most recent of Ohio State's five Heisman Trophy winners.

Griffin, the only two-time recipient, earned the award in 1974 and '75 as a shifty 5'9", 180-pound dervish with a unique ability to pinball off tacklers and then jet down the field. George, however, was the quintessential power back. At 6'3", 227 pounds, he steamrolled defenses on his way to the 1995 Heisman.

But the disparity between the two ends when you think of the values they share.

Griffin established a code of hard work, dignity and personality as a Buckeye.

"He set the standard for what it is to be an Ohio State football player, on and off the field," says George. And George took that standard to heart 20 years later. "Not that anyone had to tell him to," says Griffin. "That's who he was. That was Eddie George."

Griffin's star launched in the second game of his freshman year: The night before the Buckeyes took on North Carolina, Griffin took out his Bible and read from Matthew: "Knock and the door shall be opened." Griffin knocked, running for a then-school-record 239 yards, and the door was opened by legendary Ohio State coach Woody Hayes. For the rest of his career, Griffin would be the feature attraction in Hayes's run-happy offense.

In 1973, Griffin became the first sophomore to earn Big Ten MVP honors, setting the conference single-season rushing record with 1,577 yards. He would do that one better in 1974, becoming just the fifth junior to win the Heisman after gaining 1,620 yards on the ground. "I didn't think I would get it," Griffin says. "I was ecstatic."

The Columbus native was a hometown hero. When he returned for his senior season, Ohio Stadium tailgaters were festooning their cars with THANK YOU, MRS. GRIFFIN bumper stickers. And he wasn't close to being finished.

His second Heisman might as well have been a lifetime achievement award. By season's end, Griffin had set NCAA career records for rushing yards (5,177), yards per carry (6.13), 100-yard games (33) and consecutive 100-yard games (an amazing 31 straight from his sophomore year to his penultimate game as a senior, a record that still stands). And he did all of this while earning his degree a quarter early and preaching the value of his three Ds—Desire, Dedication and Determination—to Columbus schools.

After an eight-year NFL career, Griffin returned to Ohio State, where he is now an associate athletic director overseeing 17 varsity sports. Football is one of those 17, and he goes to every game. "I still get fired up," says Griffin, whose age



Buckeye legend Griffin dashed to two Heismans, then beamed when George won his 20 years later.

now matches the number 45 he made famous, "but thank goodness I don't have to take those hits anymore."

Griffin's position in the athletic department gave him a behind-the-scenes look at George's 1995 Heisman run. "I saw how hard he worked, how dedicated he was and how good a person he was," says Griffin.

Coming off a junior season in which he had about as quiet a campaign as you can have while running for 1,442 yards, George was a Heisman long shot at best the following fall. But in the Buckeyes' second game he announced his nomination with 212 yards against Washington. When George rocked Notre Dame for 207 yards two weeks later, Heisman whispers began. And when he broke the school single-game rushing record with 314 yards against Illinois in November, the whispers became shouts.

When he was a kid, George says, he would stand in front of a mirror and practice his Heisman Trophy acceptance speech. Thanks to a season that ended with an Ohio State record 1,927 rushing yards and 24 touchdowns, the rehearsals proved useful. "I accomplished something I had set my eye on when I was eight years old," says George, now a Pro Bowl back for the Tennessee Titans and the 1996 NFL rookie of the year. "I was blessed and fortunate to win."

After they called George's name at the Downtown Athletic Club, a moist-eyed Griffin gave him a congratulatory hug. "I was so happy," Griffin says. "He was a perfect choice." —Brad Young

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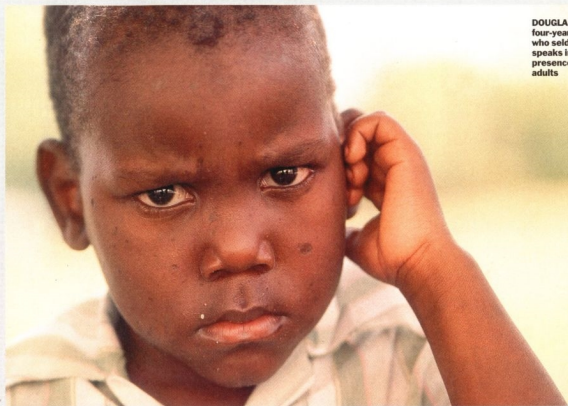


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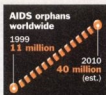
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DOUGLAS: A four-year-old, who seldom speaks in the presence of adults



Orphans of AIDS

Ten million live in sub-Saharan Africa. TIME asks some what they need



By **SIMON ROBINSON HARARE**

ESTHER DATON BEGINS HER DAY EARLY—vomiting bile into the toilet outside her Harare shack at 4:30, just before the sun rises. Esther's father Daiton Malinga died of AIDS in April 1997. Her mother Nelia Nefitara died of AIDS in January 1998. Esther's eldest sister, Napiri, died in 1993. The next eldest sister, Martha, died in 1995. Esther is the third sister. She discovered she was HIV-positive only after the birth of her daughter Emmaculate, who was chronically sick and died in 1998, age two. The fifth sister, Elina, died of AIDS last year; the sixth, Maria, in May. Esther, 26, takes care of 11 other AIDS orphans in her family, from her brother James, 17, to her niece Manyara, 9, who is HIV-positive. Esther worries about who will take care of these children when she dies.

Africa is filled with fatherless, motherless families like the Daitons. Last week the Joint United Nations Program on HIV/AIDS

(UNAIDS) and UNICEF released the first detailed count of the number of children left orphaned by AIDS in sub-Saharan Africa: 10 million and rising. In some countries, 10% of children under 15 have been orphaned by AIDS. There may be 30 million more by 2010.

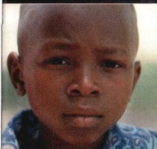
The report's chronicle of the life these children lead reads like the bleakest fiction. They are ostracized by their communities. Some children interviewed in Harare—their words appear on the opposite page—insisted on using pseudonyms. They have no way to earn money and live in fear that they have the disease themselves. Many do. Young orphan girls often turn to sex to survive and end up catching the virus. A South African study found that 9.5% of pregnant girls under age 15 were HIV-infected. And there is virtually no money to help. A recent UNAIDS study found that the disease is spreading three times as fast as the resources to combat it. And while the children on these pages have needs that can be met with money, most told TIME of a want no money can buy—family.

If you want to help, you can contribute to UNICEF at 333 E. 38th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017 or via its website at unicef.org



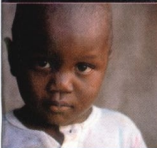
“I most need a bicycle so I can ride to school.”

Erinut, 8



“I need a television. I want some shoes and clothes.”

Paul Daiton, 8



“I need some toys ... a soft drink. A nice place to live.”

Tanyaradzwa Daiton, 3



“I need a watch and a pair of shoes. I want a bicycle so I can get to school on time, because the bus is always late.”

Morgan, 11

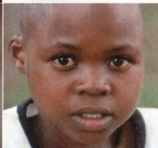
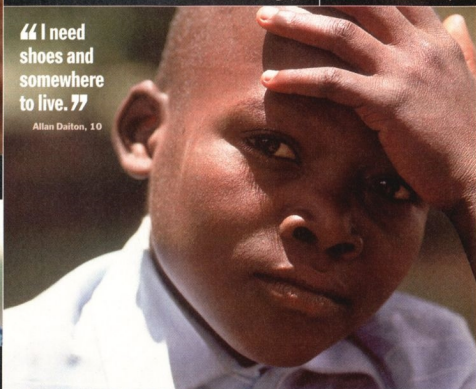


“I need a house and a stove to bake things I can sell.”

John Daiton, 13

“I need shoes and somewhere to live.”

Allan Daiton, 10



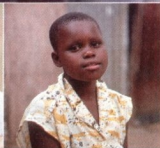
“I need some clothes, and I want a house.”

Manyara Daiton, 9



“I need a toy car. I want a gun and a bicycle.”

Fungai Daiton, 5



“I need a fridge to freeze drinks in plastic bags to sell.”

Tsitsi Daiton, 12

VALLEY OF DEATH

How arrogance and violence bred a massive drug-war slaughter

By **ELAINE SHANNON** WASHINGTON
and **TIM PADGETT** MIAMI

IF YOU DON'T LIVE IN THE BORDER region between the U.S. and Mexico, it is hard to understand how totally the drug business has come to dominate life there. But last week, as FBI and Mexican backhoes began digging into what may be

mass graves containing dozens of victims of the region's drug cartels, it was suddenly a lot easier. FBI sources say the grave uncovered last week is probably the first of many; they will continue exploring for more this week. "In law-enforcement circles, there have been rumors of these for a long time," says a senior Drug Enforcement Administration agent. "Hell, there are bodies [from drug-related killings] buried all over the place down here."

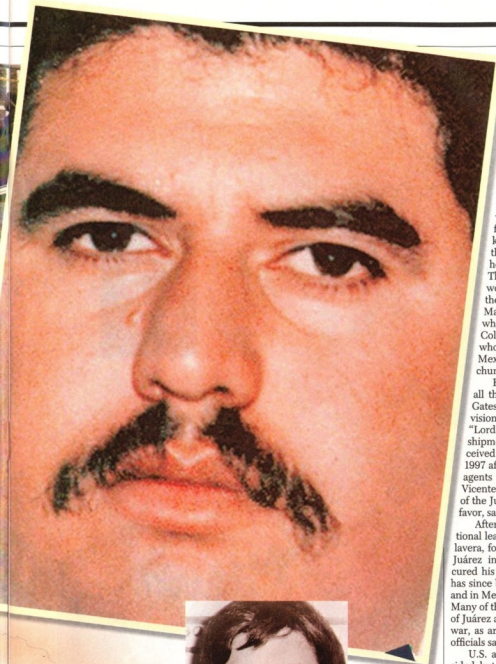
The carnage is a sign of an epic shift in the drug business. From the early 1970s until a couple of years ago, if you went out on the streets of New York City to score cocaine, you'd look for a Colombian trafficker or a Dominican who dealt with a Colum-



UP FROM HELL: Agents remove drug-war corpses from a mass-burial site near Juárez

bian. Nowadays, you're just as likely to find yourself face-to-face with a Mexican. Your dealer's ethnic roots probably won't matter to you so long as the product is as advertised. But to DEA agents, the decline and fall of Colombia's once impregnable Cali cartel is a sensational development—surpassed only by the meteoric rise of the Juárez cartel now headed by Vicente Carrillo Fuentes. As the U.S. has cracked down on drug cartels in Colombia in the past decade, the business has shifted north and into the hands of Mexican traffickers, who play by the same bloody rules that characterized the lethal reign of the Colombians. Mexico's narco-industry is now a \$30 billion-a-year business. "The





flow of drugs through Mexico to the U.S. is not slowing down," says a U.S. official. "If anything, it's increasing."

The Juárez cartel has risen faster than most tech stocks, thanks to the vision of its late founder, Amado Carrillo Fuentes, and the ruthlessness of his dumber but meaner younger brother Vicente. For a long time, Mexican criminals were simply subcontractors whom the Colombians paid a set fee, usually \$1,500 to \$2,000 per kilogram, to truck cocaine over the U.S. border and to warehouses in California or Texas. There, Cali cartel employees would reclaim the goods, move them to major retailing hubs like Manhattan and Los Angeles and wholesale them to distributors. The Colombians pocketed a chunk of the wholesale and retail markups. The Mexicans risked their necks for chump change.

But kingpins like Amado changed all that. He fancied himself the Bill Gates of Mexican drug traffickers—a visionary who earned the nickname "Lord of the Skies" for the multiton shipments of Colombian cocaine he received in Boeing 727s. When he died in 1997 after botched plastic surgery, DEA agents were skeptical that his brother Vicente would last as the successor head of the Juárez syndicate. But in Vicente's favor, says a U.S. agent, "he's vicious."

After a two-year-long war against factional leaders, notably Rafael Muñoz Talavera, found shot to death in his jeep in Juárez in September 1998, Vicente secured his bid to succeed his brother. He has since been indicted in El Paso, Texas, and in Mexico on drug-trafficking charges. Many of the bodies being unearthed south of Juárez are believed to be victims in that war, as are any Americans who Mexican officials say might be among the dead.

U.S. agents believe the war has subsided, but they admit they don't have good intelligence on the inner workings of the Juárez cartel or on Vicente himself. "We don't really know where he is," admits a top U.S. official. "He could be anywhere. We assume he's somewhere in Mexico, probably Chihuahua."

Still, Vicente is no Amado, a fact that emboldens his rivals—especially the recklessly homicidal Arellano Félix brothers, who run the Tijuana cartel. Shortly after Amado Carrillo's death, Mexican officials tell TIME, the Arellanos phoned in a death threat against U.S. antidrug czar General

► Grave Diggers

Juárez Cartel
Based in Juárez

Vicente Carrillo Fuentes is considered the leader after the death of brother Amado and a power struggle that resulted in about 60 deaths in the Juárez area. Vicente is wanted in Mexico and the U.S., but the cartel, which gained fame by using 727s to ship cocaine, remains as powerful as ever.



CARRILLO BROTHERS

Vicente, above, has brutally perfected the narco-business that his late brother Amado, left, pioneered

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WORLD

Barry McCaffrey as he toured the border. Specifically, they threatened a rocket-propelled grenade attack. The arrogant brutality wasn't a surprise: the brothers reportedly once sent the severed head of the wife of a rival to him in a box of dry ice.

But U.S. officials do know this: the Juárez cartel and the other Mexican syndicates control an ever larger slice of the illegal drug market in the U.S. They still transport cocaine for Colombian gangs, but they also move their own cocaine onto the street through retail-distribution networks that they established decades ago to sell Mexican marijuana to middle-class Americans. These networks have become one-stop shopping outlets for Mexican marijuana, methamphetamine and heroin.

The Mexican move into retailing is bad news for U.S. law enforcement because the Mexicans are even harder to track than Colombians. Mexican gangsters have ready-made support structures in most cities in the U.S.—large extended families who put down roots in the U.S. years ago. U.S. drug agents complain that, unlike the Colombians, who tend to stand out by the way they dress and speak, Mexican criminals are practically invisible even in non-Hispanic neighborhoods. They cross the border at will, indistinguishable from the millions of U.S. and Mexican citizens who present themselves at border checkpoints daily.

When they're in Mexico, as demonstrated by the Juárez killing fields discovered last week, they can do just about anything they want—often with the help of Mexican police. What most angers families of those presumed buried near Juárez is the alleged involvement of local, state and possibly federal police in the narco-murders. Recent studies by U.S. and Mexican researchers have shown that many Mexican police recruits are actually convicted criminals; they join police forces to get a piece of the narcotics action, usually as cartel enforcers. A state-police commander in Tijuana told TIME last year that he quit when cops under him killed an honest

antidrug detective in 1996. "I realized I was working with police more vicious than the traffickers who pay them off," he said. Vicious, perhaps, but also well paid to ignore and even abet what goes on in the borderlands. U.S. DEA and other law-enforcement agents often refer to the corrupt, usually low-paid Mexican police as "la familia feliz"—the happy family, always smiling and never enforcing the law.

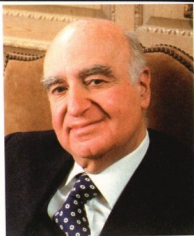
Last Friday, when Mexican Attorney General Jorge Madrazo and FBI Director Louis Freeh visited the first Juárez grave site, called Rancho de la Campana, Madrazo insisted that police were being investigated. "We're not going to cover up for anybody," he said.

Mexico, with multi-million-dollar U.S. help, has tried to create more professional, better-paid and less corrupt antidrug units. But even the new, vetted squads have been tainted—two Tijuana agents were charged last year with kidnapping—or have balked at pursuing targets like the Arellanos, who still freely frequent clubs and boxing matches on both sides of the border. During the '90s, only one Mexican drug-cartel leader—Juan García Abrego—has been arrested.

As a result, exasperated U.S. officials are increasingly declining Mexican cooperation. For example, in a major sting that netted Mexican drug-money launderers last year, called "Operation Casablanca," the gringos didn't even consult their cross-border counterparts.

Americans, however, shouldn't get too righteous about the Mexicans' failings: the drug crisis, after all, is fueled by the insatiable *Yanqui* appetite for snorting, shooting and smoking what grows in Latin America. And the U.S. even plays a role in the violence: of the estimated 4,000 illegal guns seized in Mexico since 1994, more than 75% were traced back to U.S. smugglers—as were the rocket-propelled grenades the Arellanos threatened to fire at McCaffrey. It's something else to consider in the coming weeks while peering into the death pits outside Juárez.

—With reporting by Ronald Buchanan/
Mexico City and Hilary Hylton/El Paso



SAFRA: Were Russian mobsters involved?

Murder by Fire

A reclusive banker falls victim to a vicious attack

BILLIONAIRE FINANCIER EDMOND SAFRA, 67, excelled at making three things: money, friends and enemies. Monaco police were focusing on the latter as possible suspects after the Lebanese founder of the Republic National Bank suffocated in an arson fire at his penthouse. Safra had been barricaded in a bathroom along with his nurse, Viviane Torrent, while knife-wielding assailants, apparently frustrated at being unable to reach Safra, set fire to his domed, ultra-high security Monte Carlo retreat. Monaco's chief prosecutor, Daniel Serdet, reported that robbery was not a motive. Nothing had been stolen. "We are treating the attack as a murder," a police spokesman said. "We believe it was motivated by Mr. Safra's powerful position in the banking world." Last year Safra's bank had filed reports tipping off regulators to an international Russian money-laundering scandal that resulted in the freezing of Russian mob-related accounts and one of the largest banking investigations in history.

Safra, listed in *Forbes* magazine as the world's 199th richest person, was scion of a banking family that built its first fortune financing the Ottoman Empire caravan trade. Safra made his mark adhering to the old-fashioned banking-business model of securing deposits and then investing them in safe, modest-yielding assets. The secretive billionaire had long been known as a generous contributor to Jewish causes around the world. Last week he was on the verge of wrapping up his life's work, the sale of Republic National and Safra Republic holdings to HSBC Holdings, Britain's largest bank, for \$10 billion. Banking experts believe the sale will be completed despite Safra's death. —By Karl Taro Greenfeld

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War over a Poster Boy

A child who escaped Cuba to the U.S. is fought over by relatives, and politicians, in both countries

By TIM PADGETT MIAMI

FIVE-YEAR-OLD BOYS NEED LOTS of attention, and little Elian Gonzalez has been getting plenty since Thanksgiving morning, when fishermen found him lashed to an inner tube off the coast of Fort Lauderdale, Fla. The boy and his mother Elizabet had fled their Cuban town of Cardenas three days before, along with 12 companions, in a small aluminum motorboat, which sank in heavy seas, drowning Elizabet and 10 of the others. After drifting for two days, Elian was rescued in good condition and is being cared for by relatives in Miami. But he cries out at night, fearing that he's being abandoned each time the cousin whose bedroom he shares gets up to use the bathroom. "Physically, he's perfect," says Elian's great-uncle Lazaro Gonzalez, an auto mechanic. "But I worry about what he's in the middle of now."

Cuban dictator Fidel Castro and Miami's rabidly anti-Castro lobby are poised to lock the little boy in a cold war custody battle between his U.S. relatives and his father and grandparents in Cuba. As soon as Elian was plucked from the ocean, Cuban-American politicians appropriated him as a poster child, even using a photo of him lying on a gurney to illustrate anti-Castro placards distributed at last week's World Trade Organization meeting in Seattle. "If the image of a child can be effective in campaigns like muscular dystrophy, then it can make people aware of Castro's victims," says Niniska Perez-Castellon, spokeswoman of the Cuban-American National Foundation in Miami. "Elian's mother lost her life to give him a future." The foundation insists the boy should live with his relatives in Miami, where he was photographed with local politicians like Congresswoman Ileana Ros-Lehtinen as he played with walkie-talkies and other toys they showered on him.

In Cuba, meanwhile, Elian's father



ELIAN GONZALEZ plays with a walkie-talkie he got from Cuban Americans, who featured him in an anti-Castro poster. His dad Juan wants him back in Cuba

Juan Miguel Gonzalez, 31, a tourism employee and Communist Party member, charged that Elizabet, whom he divorced in 1997, had "kidnapped" Elian—and he argued that the child must be returned to live with him. Relatives in Cuba, contacted by TIME, described Elian as a shy but affable and studious first-grader whose most recent childhood passion, besides base-

ball, is making and flying kites. Standing under a picture of revolutionary hero Che Guevara, and presumably coached by Cuban officials, Juan Miguel declared that he wants Elian to enjoy the free education and health care of his homeland.

U.S. immigration officials have granted Elian permission to stay and apply for residency, but a family court in Florida will probably decide his fate. "I don't want Elian to be subjected to that tug-of-war," says Spencer Eig, the Miami attorney chosen to represent the boy. He is working for an out-of-court settlement between Elian's relatives in the U.S. and in Cuba. But under U.S. laws that deal with Cuba, relatives here can claim that Elian is a political and economic refugee. Still, the more direct blood ties legally favor Elian's father and the boy's four grandparents, who have played a major role in his upbringing. Elian has been especially precious to his parents because they suffered through seven miscarriages before he was born. Juan Miguel told TIME that he sold his car last week to pay for the international phone calls he plans to make to Elian, including the first one last Friday. "The law is the law," he says. "Elian is my son, my whole life."

Elian's case, while unusually heart wrenching, has much in common with other recent waterborne escapes from Cuba. This year the U.S. Coast Guard has intercepted 1,265 Cuban *balseros*, or rafters—double the number from last year. As many as 60 others are believed to have drowned. Driving the exodus are Cuba's poverty and political repression, generous U.S. immigration rules for Cubans and the unprecedented rise of paid refugee smugglers. Elizabet's boyfriend Lazaro Munero charged \$1,000 each from the 13 passengers whom he jammed into his 17-ft. powerboat.

One reason for the hardball in Elian's case: next week U.S. and Cuban officials are set to haggle

over immigration issues. Cuba wants Washington to end the "wet feet, dry feet" rules that allow any Cuban who makes it to U.S. soil to be eligible for refugee status, while those intercepted by the Coast Guard are sent back. Elian will be oblivious to the debate: he celebrates his sixth birthday this week.

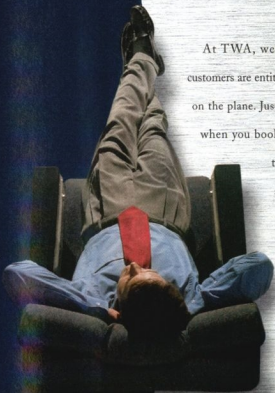
—With reporting by

Dolly Mascareñas/Miami

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Richard Posner is one of America's most brilliant jurists. But can he settle the Microsoft case?

By ADAM COHEN

THE MICROSOFT MEDIA PACK WAS OUT in force last week outside Chicago's prestigious Standard Club. Its target was Judge Richard Posner, the recently appointed mediator in the government's landmark antitrust lawsuit. When reporters fired questions at Posner just before his first meeting with the parties, he had a crisp answer: "Get out of my way, please."

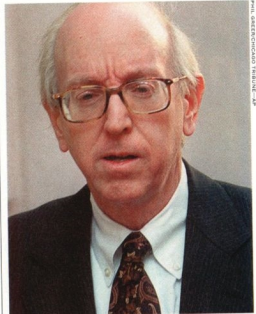
It's a new day in the Microsoft case. Judge Thomas Penfield Jackson last month appointed Posner to try to mediate the case, and the action has now moved from Jackson's courthouse in Washington to Chicago, where Posner is presiding over closed-door conferences intended to push Microsoft and the Justice Department toward settlement. It's a daunting task: the government seems to want a lot more than Microsoft is willing to give up. But if anyone can get an agreement, it may be the brilliant and insanely workaholic Posner.

Posner has the kind of jaw-dropping résumé that makes resolving the Microsoft case seem like a plausible Christmas vacation project. He is the chief judge of the federal appeals court in Chicago, where he pens about 100 decisions a year, and he teaches law at the University of Chicago. He also finds time to churn out scores of law-review articles, speeches, op-ed pieces and, oh yes, a book or two a year. (His latest: *An Affair of State*, a scathing account of President Bill Clinton's impeachment woes; and the less reader-friendly *The Problematics of Moral and Legal Theory*.) "Dick is sort of a legendary intellect," says law-school colleague Randal Picker. "He is one of the great legal minds of the 20th century."

He's also one of the most conservative. A leader of the law-and-economics school, Posner believes the market should be allowed to resolve many of society's thorniest problems. His dollars-and-cents approach has led him in some controversial directions. Posner famously suggested that the adoption system might be improved by allowing babies to be sold. And he has written that whether abortion should be banned can be evaluated by some mathematical formula in which *V* is the value of a fetus' life and *N* is the average number of abortions that would be performed without a ban.

Posner's decidedly free-market views

mean that he starts out as an antitrust skeptic. He's argued that regulation of monopolies is often a mistake, and that in many cases government intervention does more harm than good. But he has also shown an inclination to follow established law and has written approvingly of the AT&T breakup. His admirers say he won't approach this case with ideological preconceptions. "Labels are



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

WHY THEY SHOULD SETTLE

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT

GETS Fast results and a chance to declare victory

AVOIDS Facing appellate courts that may be more pro-Microsoft

MICROSOFT

GETS To put a damaging lawsuit behind it

AVOIDS Returning to court and facing years of uncertainty on appeal

meaningless," insists University of Chicago Law School Dean Daniel Fischel. "He's completely unpredictable in his views."

By appointing Posner, Jackson gave something to each side. Microsoft gets a mediator who is close to its thinking about government intervention. Posner may be reluctant to back some of the more extreme remedies Microsoft's critics are calling for. At the very least, he's likely to give

the software giant a friendlier hearing than Jackson, whose findings of fact last month were a down-the-line rebuff.

The Justice Department, for its part, gets a mediator who will have credibility when he lays down the law for Microsoft. Trial watchers have conjectured that Gates & Co. may already have given up hope of prevailing before Jackson, and may be counting on getting him reversed on appeal. The conservative Posner is in sync with many of the judges in Washington who would hear that appeal. "He's going to be able to tell Microsoft that if they're counting on the Court of Appeals and the Supreme Court to vindicate them completely, that's not going to happen," says George Washington University law professor William Kovacic.

In other words, Posner may be the perfect mediator: someone each side is a little afraid of. What happens next? Posner will probably meet with the parties together and separately to hunt for common ground. (One question: Will Posner and Bill Gates be sitting down for a chat?) Count on the parties to be close-mouthed throughout the negotiations. "We're not even going to talk about the food we ate," Justice Department lawyer David Boies said after the first day's meeting. If talks fail, it's back to court in late February for the next phase: arguments over Judge Jackson's conclusions of law, a search for remedies and, quite likely, years of appeals.

It's possible, however, that Posner could make all that unnecessary. One path the negotiations are likely to explore is spinning off Microsoft's operating-systems division, which makes Windows, into its own company. That would track the logic of Judge Jackson's findings of fact: that it's not illegal for Microsoft to have an operating-systems monopoly, but it is illegal to leverage the monopoly to gain an unfair advantage in other mar-

kets. Carving Windows out of Microsoft would probably be sufficiently dramatic to please the Justice Department. It might not thrill Microsoft, but it would be preferable to any remedy that required ongoing government supervision of its actions and products. And it's a solution that could find favor with Posner: a surgical strike by government that creates a more competitive market. —With reporting by Julie Grace/Chicago



AFTER SCHOOL:
Barbara Montejo
tutors kids in
Los Angeles

EDUCATION

Slowing Down a Quick Fix

Ending "social promotion" sounds great. But L.A. discovers it could mean flunking half its students

IN THE PAST FEW YEARS, REFORMERS have embraced a disarmingly simple idea for fixing schools: Why not actually flunk those students who don't earn passing grades? Both Democrats and Republicans have begun attacking the practice of "social promotion"—shuttling bad students to the next grade, advancing them with peers even if they are failing. Make F truly mean failure, the movement says.

Last week in Los Angeles, the reformers learned just how ornery the current system can be. According to a plan released Tuesday by the L.A. school district, ending social promotion there will take at least four years, could cost hundreds of millions of dollars—and probably would require flunking about half the district's students.

That's a pessimistic assessment, but it's not just bureaucrats' caterwauling. Rather, L.A. school superintendent Ruben Zacarias was an eager convert to the crusade against social promotion. In February he unveiled an ambitious plan to end unwarranted promotions in five grades during the 1999-2000 school year—a full year ahead of the timetable set by a state law.

At the time, Zacarias acknowledged that his goal would be hard to meet. He estimated that as many as 6 of every 10 students would flunk if they had to advance on merit. Zacarias wanted to spend \$140 million in the first year alone to help these kids. Why so much? Because a mountain of research shows that ending social promotion doesn't work if it just means more Fs. Kids who are simply forced to repeat grades over and over

usually don't improve academically and often drop out. Zacarias wanted more tutoring, summer school and intensive-learning classes. Unqualified students wouldn't rise to the next grade; nor would they be doomed to redo work they already failed.

It was a forward-looking plan that Zacarias, 70, didn't have the clout to enact. He wasn't popular enough—the school board recently bought out his contract after a bitter power struggle—but even fellow reformers think his plan was too much, too soon. Says board member David Tokofsky: "You've got the unions who want their say. And, of course, there's the facilities issue: Where do you send all these eighth-graders if you can't send them to high school?" The district now says it will stop advancing low-achieving students only in two grades (second and eighth), and it will begin next year.

Los Angeles isn't the only place that has run into roadblocks while trying to end social promotion. In New York City, some advocates have said in lawsuits that parents weren't notified early enough that their kids were flunking. And in Chicago, which led the nation on the issue, a parents' group has filed civil rights complaints alleging that the promotion crackdown holds back a disproportionate number of black and Latino kids.

Still, the war on social promotion could have one salutary consequence: if every school district takes L.A.'s approach, struggling students will get a lot more teaching help, not just a kick in the rear as they finish another unproductive school year.

—By John Cloud

RACE

Bill's Block

Why Clinton's potential best seller is stalled out

WHEN HILLARY CLINTON SAT DOWN to write her first book, it became an instant best seller. Her audiobook narration even won a Grammy. And of course the title, *It Takes a Village*, entered the vernacular. The President wasn't quite so fortunate. When he wrote his first book in office, *Between Hope and History*, it went straight to the remainder bins.

Now it turns out the President's second effort at matching his wife's success is faring even worse than the first one. His latest literary adventure is nearly a year past its original due date, and has been buffeted by bureaucratic wrangling within the White House. A 400-page, ghostwritten draft of the text, which focuses on race in

America, sits stuck in his In box. The topic is one that Clinton cares deeply about and is supremely qualified to examine. Tentatively titled *Out of Many*, the book aims to offer the President's personal vision of future racial and economic justice, and a kind of work plan on how to get there. "The good news is, he really cares enough about it to want to own it," says one of the ghostwriters, Harvard professor Christopher Edley Jr. But that, he adds, is also "the bad news."

The book has had to compete for attention with the biggest upheavals of Clinton's presidency. The report from his advisory board on race, which forms the basis of his book, came out a week after the Starr report last year. And the book has been delayed by dissent among aides. The President wanted lots of specific policy proposals, which sparked a dispute among staff members over whether the book should therefore be vetted by the full array of official policy committees; the President ruled no. Aides complained that some proposals went too far, such as one for a program to end racial differences in childhood educational achievement that reached far beyond current budget plans. There wasn't even agreement on whether to emphasize the remaining problems or focus on the progress. "The President," says Edley, "will have to decide whether the glass is half empty or half full." That's if he ever gets back to it. —By Jay Branagan/Washington



UNPUBLISHED:
The next book is
stuck in his In box

DOCTORS' DEADLY MISTAKES

Medical errors kill up to 98,000 Americans yearly; a new report says that number could be cut drastically

By MICHAEL D. LEMONICK

VINCENT GARGANO WAS LUCKY—OR so he thought. The 42-year-old Chicago postal worker's prostate cancer was detected early, and he responded well to two five-day rounds of chemotherapy at the University of Chicago. On the third and final round, however, things went terribly wrong. Instead of getting 176 g per day of one drug and 39.4 g of another, as prescribed, he was mistakenly given 176 g of the second drug as well—a massive overdose. Within five days Gargano was deaf. Then his kidneys began to fail. Then his liver shut down. And just a few months after entering the hospital with a favorable prognosis, Gargano was dead, his body overwhelmed by infection.

Ben Kolb, 7, needed minor ear surgery, and his doctors at Martin Memorial Medical Center in Stuart, Fla., began by injecting him with lidocaine, a local anesthetic. Except that it wasn't lidocaine; it was adrenaline, a powerful stimulant. A minute later Ben's blood pressure soared, and his heart began to race. Nine minutes later his blood pressure plunged, his heart rate dropped, his lungs filled with fluid, and he went into cardiac arrest. Within hours, Ben Kolb was dead.

It's hardly news that medical professionals make mistakes—even dumb, deadly mistakes. What's shocking is how often it happens. Depending on which statistics you believe, the number of Americans

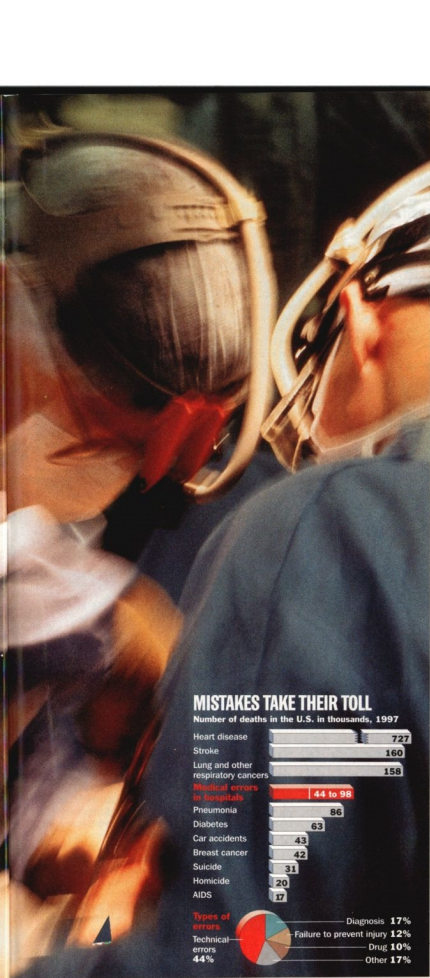
killed by medical screw-ups is somewhere between 44,000 and 98,000 every year—the eighth leading cause of death even by the more conservative figure, ahead of car crashes, breast cancer and AIDS. More astonishing than the huge numbers themselves, though, is the fact that public health officials had known about the problem for years and hadn't made a concerted effort to do something about it.

Now they have. The Institute of Medicine, a branch of the National Academies, issued a report last week calling for a major overhaul of the nation's health-care system. Aptly titled "To Err Is Human," it explores the reasons doctors and nurses make mistakes, which can include drugs with names so similar that they're easy to confuse (see *PERSONAL TIME: YOUR HEALTH*) and duty shifts so excessively long that physicians and interns fall asleep on their feet (see *accompanying story*).

The report also proposes a series of solutions, including a new federal Center for Patient Safety that would set error-reduction standards for hospital procedures and medical equipment, as well as a mandatory reporting system that would require hospitals to fess up to what they like to call "adverse events."

Given the prevailing mood in Congress—which seems to be allergic to anything that expands the size and power of government—creating a new agency might be tough. But the Institute of Medicine has powerful logic on its side. Air travel in the U.S. is extraordinarily safe, thanks largely





PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

MISTAKES TAKE THEIR TOLL

Number of deaths in the U.S. in thousands, 1997



to the National Transportation Safety Board and the FAA. They try to pinpoint the cause of every crash and, when a problem is identified, they may order the airlines to redesign equipment or improve training or adjust pilot schedules to reduce the chance of more accidents. The Occupational Safety and Health Administration has driven down death and injury in the workplace. When not investigating actual incidents, these agencies study what sorts of systems and practices lead to accidents.

The patient-safety center would presumably do the same. Medical equipment, for example, often has lots of complicated controls. And because there is no single industry design standard, each manufacturer tends to have its own displays; nurses or doctors trained on one machine may well make a mistake when they switch to a different one. Another danger arises when patients have multiple disorders and doctors aren't aware of all their medications, leading to potentially lethal combinations of otherwise safe drugs. Uniform standards of record keeping and record sharing would certainly minimize such problems.

Indeed, this approach is already being tested on a smaller scale. In 1997 the American Medical Association and other groups created the National Patient Safety Foundation to come up with techniques to reduce mistakes. One straightforward example is the so-called sign-your-site procedure, in which both patient and surgeon literally sign their name in ink at the point where an incision is supposed to be made, or on a body part to be amputated, so there's no chance a doctor will, for example, lop off the wrong arm or leg.

Children entering emergency rooms present their own set of problems. When kids are involved, all sorts of medical procedures, from defibrillation shocks to drugs, have to be scaled down to take into account a child's smaller body weight. At the urging of the foundation, some hospitals now routinely weigh kids as they come in, slapping a colored band on their wrist. All the ER doctors and nurses have to do from then on is match the band to the appropriate color-coded labels that mark medicines and equipment settings.

Some hospitals, meanwhile, have come up with their own error-reduction systems. At Montefiore Medical Center in the Bronx, N.Y., doctors and nurses can call up patient records online from laptop and handheld wireless computers located throughout the center's two hospitals, 30 outpatient centers and doctors' homes and offices. If someone tries to prescribe a drug that will interfere with other medications, the monitor flashes a warning.

There are probably hundreds of other

DOCTORS IN TRAINING

An Accident Waiting to Happen?

improvements that could reduce the chance of human error—but they can't be designed unless those errors come to light. And that won't happen unless doctors and nurses are willing to admit to their mistakes. That can be psychologically tough. Medical professionals, observes Dr. Nancy Dickey, former president of the A.M.A. and National Patient Safety Foundation, "have to have the audacity to make decisions that involve life or death. It's difficult to train those same people to be open about how they make mistakes."

It can also be expensive for them to do so. Doctors routinely pay \$60,000 a year for malpractice insurance, and while some trial lawyers insist that lawsuits are what keep physicians and hospitals from making errors, it's hard to believe that fear of litigation is the most effective way to enforce medical standards.

Many hospitals are so concerned with cutting down on preventable errors, though, that they are ignoring the risk of malpractice claims and doggedly rooting out their mistakes. Even in the hours before Ben Kolb died, for example, Martin Memorial hospital's risk-management director Doni Haas had launched an investigation, sealing off the operating room and seizing the syringes, instruments and medications used in the procedure. She could do this without being obstructed, she says, because the hospital staff was focused on finding the cause of the problem and preventing such a thing from happening again.

It took Haas 3½ weeks to discover what killed the boy, and at that point she went to see Ben's parents and the attorney they had retained. "I told them we had saved the syringes," she says, "and had them tested, and that we accepted full responsibility for the error, and we were very, very sorry." The case was settled that evening.

All these efforts are laudable, but unless they are universally adopted, patients will continue to die—not through gross negligence or incompetence but through plain human error. "This is a wake-up call," says Arthur Levin, director of the Center for Medical Consumers, based in New York City, and a member of the committee that wrote the new report. "The American health-care system has not put safety at the top of its agenda. Generally, they say this problem doesn't exist. But this is not an aberration. It's an all too common occurrence. And it is unconscionable to allow it to go on."

—Reported by

Dick Thompson/Washington



COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL LABOR RELATIONS BOARD

WHEN I HEARD LAST WEEK THAT the National Labor Relations Board had ruled that medical students have the right to form unions, I thought of my own medical training and the night two years ago when a colleague nearly killed a patient.

It was busy that night in the emergency room and intensive-care unit of the hospital where I did my residency. I was in charge of the regular floor; my colleague, also an intern, was covering the ICU. Interns on call usually manage to grab at least a couple of hours' sleep during their 24-hr. shift, but that night we worked nonstop.

Suddenly a senior resident came rushing down the hall. Emergency in the ICU!

I ran over to see what all the commotion was about. My colleague—exhausted and overworked—had misread the label on a bottle of medication and administered a

drug that paralyzed a patient, stopping his breathing. Fast thinking and the quick application of an antidote saved the patient's life. But it was a close call.

Why do hospitals overwork their interns? Because they can. Why don't interns do something about it? Because for 23 years they were forbidden to organize. The NLRB ruled in 1976 that interns were not employees but students and had no right to bargain collectively. Last week's decision reverses that ruling. It covers some 90,000 residents working at privately owned hospitals across the U.S.

Don't get me wrong. I don't think organizing medical students necessarily means better medical care. But neither does asking doctors in training to work 36 consecutive hours without a break. If nothing else, a resident's union can give interns a stronger voice to negotiate more humane work schedules and can force hospitals to the bargaining table. How the negotiations unfold could have an impact on the quality of medical care for all Americans.

—By Ian K. Smith, M.D.

THE ORIGINS OF DISEASE

Did Polio Researchers Create AIDS?



WAS AIDS CAUSED BY HUMAN error? That's the intriguing question that former ABC reporter Edward Hooper tries to answer in *The River* (Little, Brown), an exhaustive but quite readable tome that is part travelogue, part scientific inquiry, part investigative journalism. Hooper tries to establish what a panel of scientists convened in 1992 could not—that HIV spread from chimps to man in contaminated experimental polio vaccines that were tested in Africa. He comes close—very close—but falls short of the smoking-gun evidence that would put the issue to rest.

Hooper re-creates the early days of polio-vaccine research and weaves this narrative into the story of HIV's origins, which is pretty solid until it hits Africa. HIV can be traced back to bustling villages along the Congo River in the 1950s. From there, however,

the story line frays into dozens of related but possibly unconnected threads. Hooper picks up several of these, including, tantalizingly, the fact that the earliest recorded AIDS cases coincide almost perfectly with a map of the polio-vaccine testing sites. But there is no evidence that cells from African chimps were used to make the vaccines, or that the chimps were infected with HIV.

Which brings Hooper back to where he started—with an intriguing question and no definitive answer. A half-century after the trials, there's not much hard evidence left. Samples of the original vaccines still exist, but time may have degraded them; any analysis would be far from convincing.

Still, Hooper's efforts may not be in vain. We know that HIV moved from chimps to people. Figuring out precisely how could help researchers create effective treatments for AIDS—and maybe, someday, a vaccine.

—By Alice Park

Tom
SIZEMORE

Mary Elizabeth
MASTRANTONIO

Forest
WHITAKER

THEY KNOW YOUR NAME.
THEY KNOW WHERE YOU LIVE.
THEY KNOW EVERYTHING.

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING YOU CAN DO.

HIDE.



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WITNESS PROTECTION

YOU GO IN... SOMEONE ELSE COMES OUT

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EDITOR LYSA FRIEDMAN PRODUCTION DESIGNER PATRICIA VON BRANDENSTEIN DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY FRED MURPHY, A.S.C. CO-PRODUCERS TONY MARK & SUE JETT EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS HENRY SCHLEIFF PRODUCED BY HOWARD MELTZER
SCREENPLAY BY DANIEL THERRIAULT STORY BY DANIEL THERRIAULT AND ROBERT SABRAG BASED ON THE NOVEL "THE INVISIBLE FAMILY" BY ROBERT SABRAG DIRECTED BY RICHARD PEARCE

PREMIERES SATURDAY

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DECEMBER 11, 8PM/7C

IT'S NOT TV. IT'S HBO.

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GREENHOUSE

Carbon dioxide and other gases from the burning of fossil fuels collect in the atmosphere and act like the glass walls of a greenhouse, trapping heat on the earth's surface. Scientists predict that the planet's average temperature could rise as much as 6.3°F (3.5°C) over the next century, and we are already seeing heat waves, melting polar ice and rising seas. Local impact remains unpredictable: some areas could suffer stronger storms and other places severe drought. Seven environmental groups—Environmental Defense Fund, Natural Resources Defense Council, Sierra Club, Union of Concerned Scientists, U.S. Public Interest Research Group, World Resources Institute and World Wildlife Fund—have put together a world map showing “early-warning signs” of global warming. Reviewed by a team of scientists, the signs fall into two categories: direct manifestations of warming, called fingerprints, and events that could become more frequent and widespread with climate change, which are labeled harbingers. Here's an exclusive advance look at the highlights of the map. A more detailed version will be posted on Dec. 15 at www.climatehotmap.org.



THE HARBINGERS

Vanishing Animals

- 1 CALIFORNIA** Edith's Checkerspot. Butterfly has disappeared from the lower elevations and southern limits of its range.
- 2 ANTARCTICA** Adelie penguin populations have declined 33% in 25 years because the sea ice where they live is shrinking.
- 3 CANADIAN ARCTIC** Peary caribou numbers dropped from 24,000 in 1961 to as few as 1,100 in 1997, mostly because heavy snowfalls and freezing rain covered their food supply.

Storms and Floods

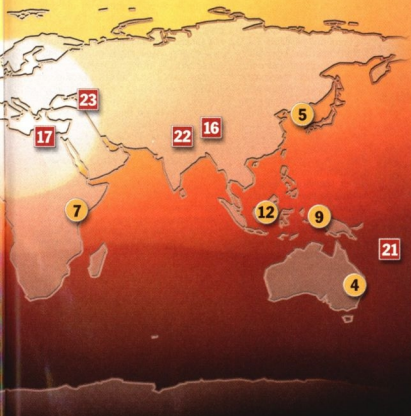
- 4 AUSTRALIA** During August 15 to 17, 1998, a storm dumped nearly 1 ft. (30 cm) of rain on Sydney, three times as much as normally falls during that entire month.
- 5 KOREA** Severe flooding struck during July and August 1998. On some days rainfall exceeded 10 in. (25 cm).
- 6 CALIFORNIA** In February 1998, 21.74 in. (55.22 cm) of rain fell on Santa Barbara, its highest monthly total on record.

Spreading Disease

- 7 KENYA** In 1997 hundreds of people died of malaria in highlands where the population had not previously been exposed.
- 8 COLOMBIA** In the Andes, mosquitoes that can carry dengue and yellow fever, once limited to altitudes no higher than 3,300 ft. (1,000 m), appeared at altitudes of 7,200 ft. (2,195 m).
- 9 INDONESIA** In 1997 malaria was detected for the first time as high as 6,900 ft. (2,100 m) in Irian Jaya province.

EFFECTS

Global warming is well under way. Here are some telltale signs



TIME Map by Ed Gebel

Droughts and Fires

- 10 SPAIN** More than 1.2 million acres (500,000 hectares) of forest burned in 1994
- 11 MEXICO** In 1998 1.25 million acres (506,000 hectares) went up in flames during a severe drought
- 12 INDONESIA** Up to 2 million acres (800,000 hectares) of land burned in 1998, including parts of the already devastated rain-forest habitat of the Kalimantan orangutan

Earlier Spring

- 13 ENGLAND** 31% of 65 bird species studied in 1995 laid their eggs earlier than in 1971 by an average of 8.8 days
- 14 ALASKA** During 82 years on record, four out of the five earliest thaws on the Tanana River have occurred in the 1990s
- 15 NEW HAMPSHIRE** The length of time Mirror Lake is covered with ice has declined about half a day per year during the past 30 years

THE FINGERPRINTS

Heat Waves

- 16 TIBET** In 1998 Lhasa had its warmest June on record. Temperatures exceeded 77°F (25°C) for 23 days
- 17 CAIRO** 1998 brought the warmest August since data have been kept. Temperatures reached 105.8°F (41°C) on August 6
- 18 NEW YORK CITY** In 1999 the city had its warmest and driest July on record, with temperatures climbing above 95°F (35°C) for 11 days

Rising Seas

- 19 BERMUDA** Saltwater inundation from the intruding ocean is killing coastal mangrove forests
- 20 HAWAII** Sea-level rise at Waimea Bay, along with coastal development, has contributed to considerable beach loss over the past 90 years
- 21 FIJI** The shoreline has receded half a foot (15 cm) per year for 90 years, according to local reports

Melting Glaciers

- 22 INDIA** The Gangotri Glacier is retreating 98 ft. (30 m) per year
- 23 RUSSIA** In the Caucasus Mountains half of all glacial ice has disappeared in the past 100 years
- 24 PERU** The Qori Kalis glacier in the Andes Mountains is receding about 100 ft. (30.5 m) per year, a sevenfold increase in rate since the 1960s and 1970s

Polar Warming

- 25 ALASKA** In Barrow the average number of snowless days in summer has increased from fewer than 80 in the 1950s to more than 100 in the 1990s
- 26 ARCTIC OCEAN** The area covered by sea ice declined about 6% from 1978 to 1995
- 27 ANTARCTICA** Nearly 1,150 sq. mi. (2,980 sq km) of the Larson B and Wilkins ice shelves collapsed from March 1998 to March 1999

The Thorn in Pete Rose

With public sentiment shifting to his side, the hit king wants back into baseball. But on his terms

By KARL TARO GREENFELD

WE NOW REMEMBER WHAT WE WANT to remember about Pete Rose: the player called Charlie Hustle running out walks, hurling himself head first to take an extra base, and breaking the most venerable record in baseball—Ty Cobb's 4,191 hits. Those memories are vivid, etched into our baseball consciousness, along with the exploits of immortals like Cobb, Ruth, Robinson and Mays, in whose Hall of Fame company Rose arguably belongs.

Rose, who last week launched a new campaign to be reinstated into baseball, is hoping those mental film clips will outweigh in fans' minds—and, more important, in that of baseball commissioner Bud Selig—the gambling allegations that resulted in his banishment from the sport in 1989. He claims to have evidence refuting charges that he bet on baseball, specifically on the Cincinnati Reds team he managed from 1984 to 1989. He says his mission is twofold: to get elected to baseball's Hall of Fame, from which he is now barred, and to once again manage a big-league club and collect a "seven-figure salary."

While Rose's candor about wanting the big bucks is admirable and polls have shown that the majority of fans want Pete in the Hall, he's had an almost pathological re-

sistance to acknowledging the darker parts of his history. According to the compelling evidence gathered by Major League Baseball on his gambling habits, Pete never bet on his Reds to lose a game. But he didn't always bet on them to win. The implications remain troubling: what would a bookie taking Rose's action infer if the manager of the Reds, who bet on them regularly, didn't bet on them that particular day?

"There had not been such grave allegations since the time of [Kenesaw Mountain] Landis," said then commissioner A. Bartlett Giamatti in 1989, referring to the commissioner who cleaned up the 1919 Black Sox scandal. Confronted with this evidence, Rose agreed to a lifetime ban from the sport but didn't specifically admit to betting on baseball. Implicit in the agreement, according to former commissioner Fay Vincent and others con-

vinced that Rose bet on baseball, is the fact that the only act punishable by a lifetime ban is baseball's cardinal sin: gambling on the game.

Rose has since been in and out of prison for tax evasion; launched half a dozen businesses, ranging from the Pete Rose Ballpark Cafe to his Hit King line of clothing; and become a regular on the baseball-memorabilia circuit, where his income has derived primarily from signing bats, balls and baseball cards. Throughout his wanderings in the baseball wilderness, he has

continued to maintain that he never bet on the game, as if willing himself to believe his own revisionary history. In large part, baseball and its fans chose not to listen.

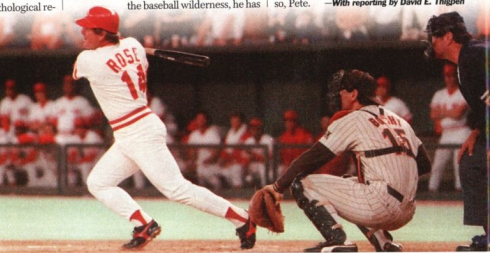
But when NBC announcer Jim Gray confronted Rose during the introductions of the All Century team before a World Series game in Atlanta this October, asking for an apology and admission from Rose, it became resoundingly clear that baseball fans now want to remember Pete for the good rather than the bad. Gray was vilified as Rose, amazingly, came across as a victim. Rose has seized on that to launch his campaign for reinstatement and arrange a meeting between his attorneys and baseball's representatives early next year. "This is not a reopening of the case," insists baseball spokesman Rich Levin. "The commissioner has not seen any new evidence that would warrant lifting the ban."

Rose says he has lined up handwriting and fingerprint experts to refute baseball's experts, and he has taken to casting aspersions on John Dowd, the special investigator appointed by Giamatti who compiled the original evidence. Dowd is unmoved. "The evidence against him is overwhelming. We have betting slips, records from bookmakers and 113 witnesses."

But suddenly talk of evidence seems fusty as Rose, who now claims he never had a gambling problem and who still regularly bets on horse racing, has succeeded in transforming his case into a sentimental cause, tapping into our national willingness to forgive errant public figures. Think of Bill Clinton, Marion Barry and even fellow baseballer Darryl Strawberry, who all admitted fault, showed contrition and were forgiven. The difference is Pete Rose wants back into baseball on his terms. This is one instance where his greatest traits, his drive, hustle and never-say-die determination, may be the very characteristics preventing him from providing what baseball, its fans and Pete himself need most: a simple apology. Say it is so, Pete. —With reporting by David E. Thigpen



MAKING HIS PLAY Rose pitches at the launch of his petition for reinstatement





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www.2take10.com

Sponsored by the Lorillard Tobacco Company's Youth Smoking Prevention Program

IN A THOUSANDTH OF A SECOND, ELECTRONIC SEAT SENSORS ALLOW THE ACURA 3.2TL TO DECIDE WHETHER OR NOT TO DEPLOY THE PASSENGER SIDE AIR BAG. In that same blink of an eye, the TL can make crucial decisions about the front air bag as well. The dual-stage front passenger air bag senses the severity of an impact and instantly determines at which speed to deploy for optimum safety. All of which help make the TL a remarkably safe decision. For a closer look at the Acura TL, visit www.acura.com or call 1-800-TO-ACURA.

THE ACURA TL. STARTING AT \$28,400.



THE 1999 ONLINE SHOPPING GUIDE

TIME DIGITAL's pick of the best sites on the Web—to buy the right gift right now

By REBECCA WINTERS and BILL SYKEN

BOOKS MUSIC VIDEOS

AMAZON.COM

★ The mother of all e-tailers, this easy-to-navigate site offers books, music, videos, cards, toys, electronics and auctions. Its simple, user-friendly site design, excellent

customer service and on-target product recommendations make it the best of its kind.

www.amazon.com

BARNESANDNOBLE.COM

■ Shop online for everything you'd expect at their stores—minus the café. You'll find deals on music, magazines, software and books.

www.bn.com

BOOKSMITH

■ Support both the new economy and independent

booksellers at once. This indie sells titles in subgenres like goth and jazz age.

www.booksmith.com

BORDERS.COM

■ There are 10 million books, CDs and movies for the picking here. And Borders will let you return online purchases at their retail stores.

www.borders.com

JESSICA'S BISCUIT

■ If you're looking for a cookbook—best-selling,

unusual or out-of-print—this site is your best bet by far.

www.jessicas.com

POWELL'S BOOKS

■ This site boasts a huge collection of used, out-of-print, rare and autographed books. A search service tracks down out-of-print titles.

www.powells.com

CDNOW

■ Plus: this huge site's gift registry takes the guesswork out of shopping for music. Minus: no customer service number is posted.

www.cdnw.com

K-TEL.COM

■ Known as the online source for "as seen on TV" music offers, K-Tel.com also serves up videotapes, custom-made CDs and auctions.

www.ktel.com

MUSICMAKER.COM

■ Why suffer through someone else's Christmas mix? Create a unique CD here with only your own holiday favorites, from Bing Crosby to the Beach Boys.

www.musicmaker.com

THURSDAY'S GOLDEN GOODIES

■ Vinyl fans, you're not forgotten. Stop by for nostalgia-inducing records in varieties like Doo-Wop and the British Invasion.

www.thursdays.com

TOWER RECORDS

■ A superstore takes its urban sensibility on the Web with music, videos and DVDs. Can't find what you like? Get a custom-made disc.

www.towerrecords.com



POWELL'S is a must for out-of-print editions

BIGSTAR.COM

■ Film buffs will appreciate the incredible breadth of offerings here on videos, DVDs and laser discs. Search quirky categories from anime to zombies.

www.bigstar.com

DVD EXPRESS

■ This site for movies, music and DVD-ROMs also answers all your burning home-entertainment questions, like what exactly is a DVD player anyway?

www.dvdexpress.com

RATING THE SITES

New online stores crop up every day, and it's tough to know which to trust. These comparison sites give you the lowdown:

■ BizRate.com ranks more than 1,700 online retailers from evaluation forms that customers fill out at each participating site's checkout.

■ Consumerreports.org rates sites on criteria like convenience and breadth of content, but you must be a paying subscriber to get their ratings.

■ Gomez.com relies on reviews by e-commerce experts in categories like ease of use and on-site resources.

FINDING THE DEAL

Comparing prices between online merchants for the best buy can take time. These shopping bots do the work:

- Bottomdollar.com searches a deep database of products, and its Quick Search lets you hop to popular products fast.
- mySimon.com is an easy-to-use tool that pulls prices from more than 2,000 merchants in categories like flowers, books and toys.
- Bots.internet.com compiles a list of more than 40 bots, including some that focus only on CDs, books or auctions.

REEL.COM

- You'll find more than 100,000 films here, including used movies at good discounts. Check back in for suggestions based on your past picks.

TOYS GAMES

ETOYS

- Gift wrapping, wish lists and smart ideas for presents at any price help a harried parent shop on this time-saving site. A handy search tool sorts movies, music, toys and more by category, age and price.

ARCHIE MCPHEE

- Turn here for weird and inspired pop-culture gifts

like Star Wars Pez dispensers and Elvis playing cards.
www.mcphree.com

CATCH THE WIND

- This is the site for classic toys and gifts that take flight, from box kites to boomerangs, wind socks and 32 different types of yo-yos.

COPERNICUS TOYS & GIFTS

- Unusual and educational gifts abound here. Pick up a Brew Your Own Root Beer kit, finger-bone pen or, if you really want to drive someone crazy, a backward clock.

DISNEY STORE ONLINE

- Shopping for the Mulan-loving eight-year-old in your life? Search Disney toys, videos and clothes by age of gift recipient and name of character.

FAO SCHWARZ

- Stuffed animals, the piano dance mat that you saw in Big and many more classic toys are shipped from this revered toy retailer.

GAMECAVE

- Friends and family of serious gamers, you can't go wrong here. Buy hardware, equipment and games for all major systems, including Japanese stuff.

JUSTBALLS!

- That's really all they sell—balls, from medicine to golf. But if you know

what you want, it's better than bouncing around the mall.
www.justballs.com

KBKIDS

- Parent reviews and expert articles give shoppers plenty to think about as they pick video games, software, videos and collectibles.

MOBILEATION.COM

- All the toys here are for ridin', from scooters to rocking horses to little luxury cars that even Mom and Dad might covet.

RED ROCKET

- Toys, music and clothes from beloved Nickelodeon shows like *Rugrats* and *Blue's Clues* are for sale at Nick's online storefront.

TOYS "R" US

- Shoppers have jammed this national retailer's site. Maybe they're all at the Pokémon page, trading cards and toys.

TOYSMART.COM

- Specializing in educational toys and

books for kids, this site will leave grownup shoppers feeling virtuous about what's under the tree.
www.toysmart.com

APPAREL BEAUTY

LANDS' END

- The flashiest feature on this catalog merchant's superior site is a self-styled mannequin, which shoppers can dress and rotate to check fit. Another neat trick allows two shoppers to browse together at once and add items to a single shopping basket. But the best reason to shop at Lands' End is this experience—this is a company you can count on to get it there by Dec. 25.

BEAU TIES LTD.

- It's strictly bow ties at this family-run storefront, where you can choose from 140 fabrics in clip-on or tie-it-yourself models.

BLUEFLY

- Don't fight the crowds at the outlet mall.

Designer brands like Polo and Prada come cheap here, with a money-back guarantee.
www.bluefly.com

BROOKS BROTHERS

- The classic company for the Ivy League crowd takes its togs online with a predictably understated site. Alterations are available.

DELIA'S

- Logo Ts, tie-dyed socks and glitter lipstick are the kind of teen-friendly, funky fare you will find here. The wish list is a gift-giving plus.

FOGDOG SPORTS

- Strong product comparisons help you pick winners on this site, which sells athletic clothes and tons of sports gear.

GAP

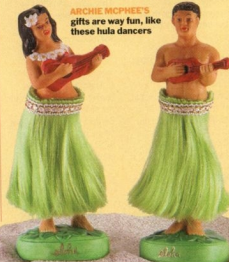
- With a wish list, easy returns at Gap stores and simple, casual clothes, Gap.com is as close to a sure thing as you'll find online.

L.L. BEAN

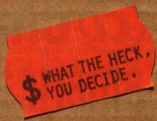
- A veteran of the holiday rush, L.L. Bean knows how to get it to you on time. The company will box your gifts and keep an address book of recipients.

REI

- You will find quality clothes and equipment for the outdoor buff on your list. Search for the perfect gift by sport, price and skill level.



Haven't you ever thought that maybe you should be the one pricing the products you buy? After all, you're the one using them, who better to know what they're worth? At uBid.com™ you can set the price on over 3000 products every day. We've got everything from computers to TVs to camcorders, from brands like Hewlett-Packard®, Sony® and JVC®.* Now that's more like it, isn't it?



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AOL Keyword: uBid

uBid.com™
where you set the price™



6 great offers @ one great site. americanexpress.com



Now through December 31, 1999,* go to our site to find a special offer from each of 60 great online merchants, such as free shipping and handling, savings of up to 20%, or a valuable gift with purchase. And when you use an American Express® Card online, you are never responsible for unauthorized charges.

So no matter which American Express Card you use, start clicking and take advantage of these great offers!

Here are just a few of the merchants you'll find:



Gateway.com



FTD.COM

priceline.com

WILLIAMS-SONOMA

amazon.com

OfficeMax.com

TOYSRUS.COM

do more



Cards

*You'll even find some offers good through 1/31/2000!
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THE VILLAGE HAT SHOP stocks an impressive selection of toppers for him and for her

UNDERNEATH.COM

■ Availability of brands like Champion and Wonderbra will ensure that every member of the family gets the undies he or she needs this Christmas. www.underneath.com

THE VILLAGE HAT SHOP

■ Caps, berets, derbies, Stetsons, Kangols and lots of other chapeaux are online here, plus "Hat Facts" for the hat historian in us all. www.villagehatshop.com

BEAUTY.COM

■ Brands like Tony & Tina and Shu Uemura, plus free goodies, should win fans of this shop for makeup, skin care and more. www.beauty.com

EVE.COM

■ Husbands and boyfriends will get points shopping here for brand-name gifts in makeup, fragrance and skin care. www.eve.com

COMPUTERS SOFTWARE

CYBERIAN OUTPOST

★ You might know this user-friendly site for PC and Mac hardware, software, accessories and peripherals by its very,

very strange TV ads. But shop here once, and you will remember it for its good selection and helpful product suggestions at the checkout. Sure Cyberian Outpost wants you to spend more, but it says it so nicely. www.outpost.com

THE APPLE STORE

■ Buy your next curvy, candy-colored computer directly from Apple at the online store. It also sells Mac accessories and software. store.apple.com

BEYOND.COM

■ A three-step form at this software superstore helps you pick gifts for everyone from serious gamers to first-time computer owners. www.beyond.com

CHUMBO.COM

■ Choosing software can be intimidating, but at this well-organized site, the task is made easy. Clear categories and a Top 10 list keep it simple. www.chumbo.com

COMPUSA

■ The original online computer superstore offers clearance prices and auctions of hardware, software, printers and games. www.compusera.com

COMPUTER411.COM

■ This busy site has a huge selection of PC hardware, software and peripherals—more than 40,000 products in all. www.computer411.com

DELL COMPUTER

■ These are the folks who invented direct selling—buy your PC straight from Dell here. But if you get extra software at their gigabays.com site, it's rung up inconveniently as a separate sale. www.dell.com

EGGHEAD.COM

■ It's not just software anymore—now this discount site boasts desktops, laptops, PDAs and auctions. www.egghead.com

NECX.COM

■ A hardware comparison table simplifies the tough task of computer shopping. It also sells peripherals

and accessories. www.necx.com

TECHONWEB.COM

■ This computer superstore is best for components and peripherals. www.techonweb.com

ZONES.COM

■ Organized into PC and Mac zones (hence the name) of hardware, software and accessories, the site is a cinch to navigate. www.zones.com

CONSUMER ELECTRONICS

IQVC

★ The king of TV-based shopping makes a seamless leap to the Web with its time-tested order-fulfillment and customer-service networks already in place. There's a ton of products, but IQVC really shines in electronics categories like audio, video and DVD. www.qvc.com

CRUTCHFIELD.COM

■ This mail-order catalog is now online, specializing in car audio and home theater, with a good selection, particularly for Sony gear. www.crutchfield.com

DAMARK INTERNATIONAL

■ Everything for home entertainment is in this superstore. But a busy design makes it tough to find what you need. www.damark.com

800.COM

■ This reliable online store has a hefty stock of electronics, movies and

music, and prices that are tough to beat. www.800.com

E-TOWN.COM

■ An interactive electronics-advice column helps guide you to the right digital camera or DVD player for your personal needs. www.e-town.com

HIFI.COM

■ The support staff at this high-end audio- and video-components store can handle questions from the most technologically savvy. www.hifi.com

IGO.COM

■ Cell phones, handheld devices and other gadgets for frequent travelers abound here. www.igo.com

J&R

■ A veteran New York City electronics superstore brings its huge inventory online, though prices could be more competitive. www.jandr.com

POINT.COM

■ Research, review and shop for cell phones, accessories and usage plans. www.point.com

ROXY.COM

■ Roxy offers DSS, home audio and video and gadgets. Follow your order with online delivery tracking. www.roxy.com

THE SHARPER IMAGE

■ All the shower radios and massage chairs you never knew you needed are for sale at this catalog

PLACING YOUR BID

If someone on your shopping list is a collector or a fan of quirky gifts, an online auction might be your best bet:

■ eBay.com sees 250,000 new items put up for auction every day. Buyers rate sellers on their honesty and speed.

■ Onsale.com is part outlet store, part liquidator's auction. Its Bid Watch feature lets you monitor several auctions at once.

■ Sothebys.amazon.com is the joint venture of the 255-year-old auction house and the e-commerce Goliath. Items start at \$100.

merchant's website.
www.sharperimage.com

SONY

■ The entire line of stylish Sony electronics and computers is here, plus tech support and tips—and you can play games online too.
www.sony.com

FOOD WINE FLOWERS

GREATFOOD.COM

★ Shop this cleanly designed website for more than 4,500 specialty-food products like imported olive oils and chocolates, and you will find detailed product descriptions, reliable privacy policies and on-time delivery. A large corporate-gift section has pointers on gift etiquette, with prices \$15 and up.
www.greatfood.com

BALDUCCI'S

■ If you can't walk into this epicurean landmark yourself, buy delicacies like their fine cheeses, desserts and prepared foods online.
www.balducci.com

HARRY & DAVID

■ It's time to send Mom the fruit basket, but don't waste time hunting for the catalog—this merchant's gifts of fruit, flowers and gourmet treats are now available online.
www.harryanddavid.com

THE LOBSTER NET

■ Fresh Maine lobsters are shipped to your home within 24 hours. Gift packages come with a lobster pot, bibs, steamers, corn on the cob and more.
www.thelobsternet.com

SEND.COM

■ Offering single-malt Scotch, caviar samplers and Lindor truffles, this is the place to shop for foodies you really want to impress.
www.send.com

TAVOLO

■ Here you will find culinary gifts like German

MAKING A WISH LIST

Online gift registries allow you to create a list of your holiday wants from several e-stores and e-mail it to friends and family:

■ Della.com lets you fill your wish list with gifts from retail partners like Amazon.com and Gap. When shoppers come to view the list and buy, Della processes the purchase at its own site.

■ WishClick.com partners with popular sites like the Sharper Image and Powells.com.
■ IveBeenGood.com lets you pick your dream presents from any site. You can also make donations to charities.

pastries, Italian pastas and an extensive selection of kitchenware and cookbooks.
www.tavolo.com

LIQUOR.COM

■ Shop this spirits shop's aisles for familiar names like Finlandia, Jack Daniels and Bacardi. It also sells a millennium gift basket.
www.liquor.com

WINE.COM

■ The holiday guide here is an essential tool, helping you choose a perfect bottle of wine for that hostess gift, boss's present or party drink at any price.
www.wine.com

FLOWERBUD.COM

■ You will pay a little extra for your flowers here, but the broad variety, elegant packaging and extra care are worth the expense.
www.flowerbud.com

FTD.COM

■ With a network of 1,600 florists and delivery to more than 150 countries, FTD is a safe bet for sending flowers to remote places.
www.ftd.com

1-800FLOWERS.COM

■ Shop here for a solid selection of flowers, food and gift baskets, with timely delivery. But the smooth service costs—these flowers are pricey.
www.1800flowers.com

LUXURY GOODS

GUILD.COM

★ Original arts and crafts, from a \$25 tree ornament to an \$800 painting, are presented beautifully and simply on this unique site. Pieces are sent to you directly from the artists, so shipping times vary. But you can track your package online. And anything you aren't satisfied with can be returned for a full refund up to Jan. 15.
www.guild.com

ASHFORD.COM

■ A posh selection of luxury goods, including watches, pens, handbags and jewelry, with free shipping and gift packaging.
www.ashford.com

EZIBA.COM

■ Handicrafts from around the world, from Mexican pottery to Tibetan pillows, are for sale on this catalog and auction site.
www.eziba.com

LUXURYFINDER.COM

■ Daniel Boulud caviar, Trish McEvoy makeup and Trafalgar accessories are some of the indulgences at this high-end site.
www.luxuryfinder.com

MONDERA.COM

■ A buying guide to diamonds and care instructions for other gems help you make informed decisions on big-ticket jewelry.
www.mondera.com

REDENVELOPE

■ On-time delivery comes with a money-back guarantee here, where you will find a good selection of special, under-\$50 holiday gifts.
www.redenvelope.com

HOME

GARDEN.COM

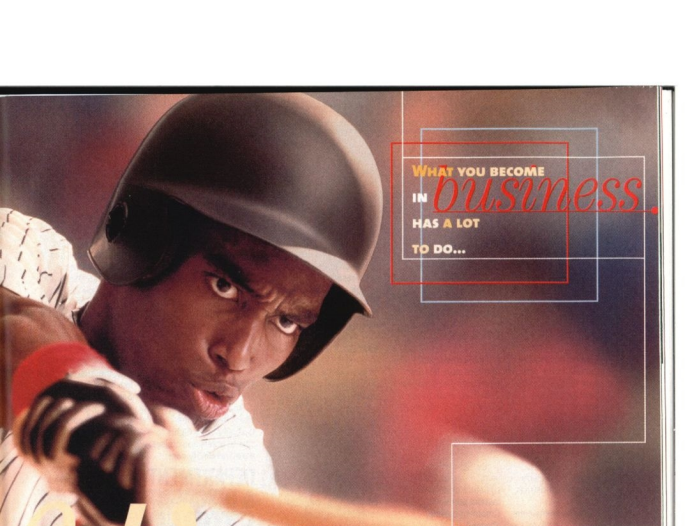
★ This site looks so good, your computer will suddenly seem like a logical place to start a garden. For the holidays, this seller of plants, seeds and tools has an interactive feature that lets you design your own wreath.
www.garden.com

LANDSCAPE USA

■ Everything from arbors to grass seed, bird feeders to bonsai is offered at this site.
www.landscapusa.com



THE LOBSTER NET will deliver an entire Down East feast, including Maine lobster, steamers and corn on the cob



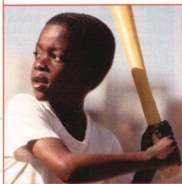
WHAT YOU BECOME
IN *business.*
HAS A LOT
TO DO...

We started in the mailroom where, just as in professional baseball, it takes hundreds of "at bats" and thousands of swings to become a consistent hitter.

Today, Pitney Bowes' Production Mail and Document Factory Solutions is in a league of its own in providing high-volume mailers (100,000-plus pieces of mail per month) with high-speed mail-finishing hardware and software. Integrated technologies like print stream manipulation, control and reporting, and paper handling enable users to create and deliver business-critical, transaction-based messaging worldwide - via web, fax, or in hard-copy format.

Our professional services expertise, systems and support services ensure the highest levels of quality, security, reliability and control. They also help our customers become more competitive with strategic messaging that adds value and reduces cost per message.

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...WITH HOW
YOU GOT

started.



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Leaders in informed mail
and messaging management.

www.pitneybowes.com



PETS.COM
supplies stocking
stuffers for Fluffy

COOKING.COM

■ Shop here for specialty foods, as well as the pots to prepare them in and the knives and forks to eat them with.
www.cooking.com

WILLIAMS-SONOMA

■ The fine kitchenware retailer has a gift registry and last-minute Christmas delivery.
www.williams-sonoma.com

PETOPIA.COM

■ You will find specialty gift packs here for iguanas, parakeets, puppies and more.
www.petopia.com

PETS.COM

■ A cool feature is the Top 10 hot-selling items for each kind of pet, and ferrets get their own section.
www.pets.com

BAREWALLS.COM

■ Decorate with a huge selection of posters and prints, organized by subject (gold, animals) and style.
www.barewalls.com

FURNITURE.COM

■ Every room of the house is covered, with a style guide for help and an online chat with decorators.
www.furniture.com

LIVING.COM

■ This well-stocked furniture store lets you move potential purchases in a virtual room to see how they all fit together.
www.living.com

MARTHA BY MAIL

■ Ms. Stewart's outpost on the Internet has her signature clean look and tasteful products. Ornament making, anyone?
www.marthabyemail.com

SEARS

■ It doesn't quite have the whole catalog online yet, but check out this site for appliances and tools.
www.sears.com

UNICAHOME.COM

■ Ceramic bowls from the Netherlands and Philippe Starck office supplies can be found at this elegant design site.
www.unicahome.com

TRAVEL

PREVIEW TRAVEL

★ This isn't the most visited online travel agent, but it should be. Try Preview for plane, hotel and car reservations, as well as useful travel information like hotel reviews from other vacationers and

maps and videos of more than 200 destinations. Or buy a gift certificate.
www.previewtravel.com

CHEAPTICKETS.COM

■ You will find discounts galore on airline tickets, hotel reservations and car rentals at this site. You do have to register to search the deals.
www.cheaptickets.com

EXPEDIA.COM

■ Microsoft's site for airline tickets, vacations, cruises, hotels and rental-car reservations is the most visited travel site on the Web.
www.expedia.com

FROMMERS.COM

■ Frommer wrote the book on this stuff. Get recommendations, make travel plans and buy travel books and guides. (There are also links to Lowestfare.com for air travel.)
www.frommers.com

MAKING IT EASIER

A big e-shopping hassle is re-entering your billing and shipping data at every site. These digital wallets do it for you:

■ Gator.com's database of 10,000 Web-based forms is designed to handle online checkout with one click.

■ Brodia.com is a wallet that resides on a server out in cyberspace, so you can access your personal data from any computer.

■ Passport.com is Microsoft's wallet. It fills forms at a group of participating websites, including Buy.com and Crutchfield.com.

PRICELINE.COM

■ Name your price for travel (or a car, a home mortgage or even groceries), and the site will try to match it.
www.priceline.com

TRAVELSCAPE.COM

■ This do-it-yourself travel site for booking business and leisure trips always has a few tempting deals on its opening page.
www.travelscape.com

TRAVELOCITY.COM

■ An incredibly complete site with enormous flexibility, from flights to cars to hotels and cruises.
www.travelocity.com

DEPARTMENT & DISCOUNT STORES

BUY.COM

★ Search a staggering variety of books, computers, games and music at this online mall. The deals are so tough to beat that Buy.com has a low-price guarantee for a day after your purchase. Overwhelmed? Try the 24-hour customer service.
www.buy.com

ACCOMPANY.COM

■ Customers buying the same products order together to secure group discounts on electronics, luggage, sporting goods and more.
www.accompany.com

BLOOMINGDALE'S

■ Fill up Bloominies' trademark brown bag with lingerie, cosmetics, luggage and more. Search for gifts by

price, occasion and key word.
www.bloomingdales.com

JCPENNEY

■ A gift registry, specialty shops like Dockers and years of experience filling catalog orders make JCPenney's site worth a visit.
www.jcpenney.com

KMART.COM

■ The discount retailer sells the trusted brands like Black & Decker, Samsonite and Whirlpool that stock its stores.
www.kmart.com

MACYS.COM

■ Turn here for an attractive, easy-to-navigate site for clothes, housewares, jewelry and cosmetics.
www.macys.com

MERCATA

■ Like Accompany, Mercata aggregates buyers for good deals on a variety of products.
www.mercata.com

NETMARKET

■ This warehouse shopping club has a "haggle zone" and flea market.
www.netmarket.com

NORDSTROM

■ The world's biggest shoe store, an online personal shopper and easy returns and exchanges are all great features.
www.nordstrom.com

WAL-MART ONLINE

■ Shop this discount king for deals on toys and electronics. But you won't find it all—the full stock isn't up until the new year.
www.wal-mart.com

"I need the right cell phone."

"I need the best calling plan."

"I need something simple."

"I need lots of choices."

"I need expert advice."

You need LetsTalk.com

Anytime minutes or anywhere calls?

A basic phone or all the gadgets?

Call waiting or caller ID?

Whatever you need, you'll find it at LetsTalk.com.

We've made it simple. Visit our website at www.LetsTalk.com, and let us recommend the right phone and calling plan for you. We'll help you cut through the confusion and make smart choices.

We bring you the widest range of wireless products, calling plans, and accessories, with ultra-convenient ordering and delivery.

When it comes to wireless, we have what you need.



CELLULAR PHONES

CALLING PLANS

PAGERS

ACCESSORIES



LetsTalk.com

CIGNA Presents a Special Advertising Feature

THE POWER OF CARING

Young Lets Kids Embrace Him As A Role Model

Steve Young singles out three people when considering his childhood influences: his mom, Sherry, his dad, Grit, and Dallas Hall of Fame quarterback Roger Staubach. From his parents, devout Mormons, he learned a spirit of caring and giving. Staubach showed him how a star could be a role model.

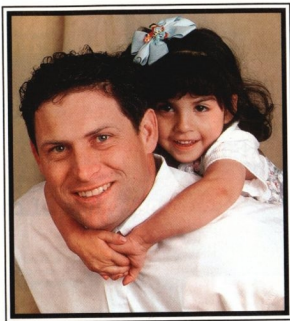
Now the San Francisco quarterback, a Super Bowl winner and two-time NFL MVP, holds his own position of influence. That, combined with his selflessness, gives kids a hero worth emulating.

"I keep it in mind all the time," says Young, who suffered a concussion in September. "It goes back to my heroes when I was a kid, and how they influenced me."

Young has always given time and money to causes. His 1993 NFL contract set aside \$1 million for a variety of charities, including his newly formed Forever Young Foundation. Young started the foundation to offer grants to children's support groups and has kept it going with proceeds from golf events, private gifts and his own endorsements.

The foundation still contributes to a few charities, but it's now focused on underwriting two Forever Young Zones—recreational therapy rooms for seriously ill children at Primary Children's Hospital in Salt Lake City and Lucile Packard Children's Hospital in Palo Alto, Calif. The facilities will be an escape from the cold confines of life as a patient. The rooms will include games, educational technology, the chance to communicate with sick children in other hospitals and a place for families to visit in comfortable surroundings.

"You can choose what you want to do and how you want to



"We need to put in front of kids people who can inspire and help them."

do it," says Colette Case, the director of child and family life services at Packard. "It's going to be a place where kids can come and be kids." Packard's Forever Young Zone will open this month, decorated by memorabilia from people whom the kids consider role models. "We've focused on all walks of life," Young says. "Not everyone responds to sports."

Young has forged a close bond with kids, evident in his rapt attention to them on hospital and school visits. "To see the parents crying," says his sister-in-law Stacy, who helps Steve run Forever Young, "you know how much it means to families and their kids who look up to him so much."

Young adapts to each child's needs and relates his own experiences, such as going from backup quarterback to the NFL's highest-rated passer, or simply overcoming

the challenges that confront any child—a topic he addressed in his kids book, *Forever Young*. "I talked a lot about my fears growing up," Young says. "So many kids have fears and anxieties. Maybe the book makes things easier."

Working with groups like American Indian Services and the Children's Miracle Network (pictured), Young tries to give youngsters what they've missed, both in materials and encouragement. "Everyone chooses heroes," he says. "It's human nature. We need to put in front of kids people who can inspire and help them."—Alec Morrison

For information or contributions, write the Forever Young Foundation, P.O. Box 527, Park City, UT 84060, call (800) 994-3837, or visit www.foreveryoung.org.

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DISNEY'S FANTASTIC VOYAGE

Sixty years after Walt's nervy mix of cartoons and classical music comes a rapturous new *Fantasia*

By RICHARD CORLISS

ONCE UPON A TIME, AROUND 1940, there was a popular commodity called middle-brow taste, a comfortable culture of refinement. It included Impressionist reproductions, Pearl Buck novels and light-classical music. Middle-brow provided a semblance of breeding and was pervasive enough that the manufacturers of mass entertainment wanted to tap it. So radio networks featured operas and symphonies. And Walt Disney produced *Fantasia*, a mélange of pieces from the concert-hall repertoire set to swirling, splashing cartoon images.

Now moviegoers could not only hear,

say, Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring*, conducted by Maestro Leopold Stokowski and recorded in stereophonic sound (then a rarity in film exhibition), but also see it brought to life as a titanic dinosaur duel. A man of artistic ambitions—pretensions, if you will—Disney had a missionary fervor to bring fine music, mediated by his own exquisite middle-brow instincts, to the masses. "Gee," he gushed when he saw one segment of *Fantasia*, "this'll make Beethoven!"

Yet even then, *Fantasia* was a critical and box-office flop (Disney's first). Audiences who were pleased to watch the animated cavorting of mice and dwarfs didn't care to be elevated. And from the high end, Walt got contempt. Oskar Fischinger, the famed abstract filmmaker who had

worked briefly on the project, called it "a conglomeration of tastelessness." Walt's plans for an "organic" *Fantasia*, one that would be revived every year with new sequences replacing some old ones, were dropped. It was not until a 1968 reissue, when hippies flocked to it as a head movie, that *Fantasia* shook off its rep as Walt's Edsel. The success of its 1991 video release persuaded the company to bankroll a freshened version, under the supervision of Walt's nephew Roy.

So here is *Fantasia 2000*—seven new sequences and an old favorite, *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*—arriving in the age of the middle-brownout. The portion of the moviegoing public that readily consumes, or is even exposed to, classical music has

Whales soar to heaven in the *Pines of Rome* sequence



shrunk. The animation in this *Fantasia*—we'll call it *F2K*—has enough verve and humor to appeal to folks for whom even Kenny G is too rarefied; but will the masses swallow what's good for them? Something that might be called art? "I use the word art, and then I bite my tongue," says Roy Disney. "I hope this is judged not as a piece of art but as a piece of entertainment. And I think it will probably make us a few bucks."

Disney typically gambles big, then hedges its bets. To make *F2K* an event, it will premiere the film on Dec. 17 at New York City's Carnegie Hall, with James Levine, artistic director of the Metropolitan Opera, conducting the London Philharmonia. The orchestra will also play during the movie in London, Paris, Tokyo and, on

New Year's Eve, Pasadena, Calif. Then, for four months, the film will be shown only on the gigantic screens in 75 IMAX theaters. (Our advice to moviegoers: sit in the back!) And to camouflage a high-art stigma, *F2K* employs genial onscreen hosts: Bette Midler, Quincy Jones, Penn & Teller and, best of all, Steve Martin in his suave-idiot mode, to introduce Itzhak Perlman, "who, I have just been informed, plays the violin."

But *F2K*'s real audience is people who believe in the artistic potential of animation. The movie celebrates that potential, often spectacularly so. Respighi's *Pines of Rome* metamorphoses, in director Hendel Butoy's vision, into a classic fairy-tale theme of a child separated from its parents. The child is a whale, inside a hollow

THE NEW SELECTIONS

- **Symphony No. 5**
Ludwig Van Beethoven
- **Pines of Rome**
Ottorino Respighi
- **Rhapsody in Blue**
George Gershwin
- **Second Piano Concerto**
Dmitri Shostakovich

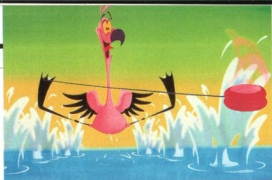


- **Carnival of the Animals**
Camille Saint-Saëns
- **Pomp and Circumstance**
Sir Edward Elgar
- **Firebird Suite**
Igor Stravinsky

iceberg; it fretfully watches its parents' shadows outside the ice wall as it tries to escape. Then it magically floats up on a shaft of light and joins the rest of the pod. Together they all soar, through clouds, until with a great splash they come to the surface of what may be heaven. It's a superb, uplifting flight of the spirit.

Butoy has another lovely piece: Hans Christian Andersen's *The Steadfast Tin Soldier* grafted onto Shostakovich's *Second Piano Concerto*. The one-legged soldier and his ballerina love battle an evil Jack-in-the-box in a gorgeous blend of traditional and computer animation. Eric Goldberg has a snippet set to *Carnival of the Animals*—flamingoes playing with yoyos—that is giddy enough to remind you of Bob Clampett's 1943 cartoon classic *A Corny Concerto*. The Goldberg variation on *Rhapsody in Blue* is a smartly syncopated tribute to ageless caricaturist Al Hirschfeld. In the style of the NINAs that Hirschfeld hides in his drawings, the piece is crawling with furtive graffiti: a few Ninas, a "Goldberg" apartment house and, everywhere, the word Doug (a tribute to Disney layout artist Doug Walker).

Stravinsky's *The Firebird*, animated by the brothers Gaétan and Paul Brizzi, becomes a volcano dweller who destroys a forest; an elk and a wood sprite must somehow restore the glade. The story is



OLD-FASHIONED FUN: A flamingo explores aerodynamics in *Carnival of the Animals*

similar to the Japanese animated film *Princess Mononoke* but told in under 10 minutes and with a more vibrant palette.

Bringing *Fantasia* back to life has been a long slog for the Roy Disney team. They considered including jazz, world music, the Beatles, Andrew Lloyd Webber; finally they stuck with the Old Masters. Among the candidates (some of which had been proposed for Walt's "organic" *Fantasia*): *Flight of the Bumblebee*; the Mozart piece that incorporates Twinkle Twinkle Little Star; Brahms' *First Symphony*; Dvorak's *Ninth*; even Beethoven's *Ninth*. Rachmaninoff's *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini* had a nifty concept (a nightmare and a dream struggling for a sleeping child's soul), but it fell through, as did the revival of a segment prepared in the '40s by Salvador Dali: a few clips from it are shown in *F2K*.

Well, maybe next time. After all, there were plans for animating *Firebird* soon after the original film was released; Stravin-

sky saw Disney's take on *The Rite of Spring*, liked it and gave Disney the rights to other pieces. "Good ideas will always find their way to the screen," says Peter Schneider, Disney Studios boss. Or to some other part of the Magic Kingdom. Roy talks of putting the Rachmaninoff piece, which was fully storyboarded before it was scratched, in Disneyland's CircleVision pavilion. With a budget estimated at \$85 million (some skeptics say it's nearly twice that amount), *F2K* will send Disney execs out scouting other venues for other unused segments. The Mouse House virtually invented synergy—and recycling.

Back in that once upon a time, Walt Disney made miracles. In 1928 he presented a primitive Mickey Mouse in *Steamboat Willie*. By 1940 he'd brought sophisticated color and sound to cartoons, extended them to feature length and, with *Fantasia*, boldly merged classical music and abstract images. Those were revolutionary days for animation; more was conceived in those 12 years than in the 60 that followed. *Fantasia 2000* may look a bit timid by comparison, but it provides some fine artists the chance to stretch and frolic, even as it reminds today's audiences of animation's limitless borders. When freed from cartoon bondage, the form can soar like a whale in the sky. —With reporting by

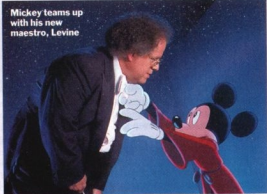
Jeffrey Ressler/Los Angeles

THE SCORE ON THE SOUND TRACK

Playing It Safe—and Sorry

MUSICALLY SPEAKING, *FANTASIA 2000* IS A DUMBED-down dud. The performances, mostly by James Levine and the Chicago Symphony, are competent but characterless. The selections are all abridged in one way or another, and some are mangled virtually beyond recognition. The first movement of Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*, which normally takes between seven and eight minutes, here is over in less than three. The sole exception is the uncut version of *The Sorcerer's Apprentice* extracted from the original *Fantasia*, in which Leopold Stokowski hypnotized an anonymous band of Hollywood studio musicians into sounding just like the Philadelphia Orchestra in its blazingly vital prewar prime. Even the ancient paleo-stereo sound track of that sequence has a raw, visceral impact missing from the glossy digital audio heard elsewhere in *Fantasia 2000*.

As for the choice of music, it's as safe as a *Home Improvement* rerun, especially by comparison with Walt Disney's daring decision to include Igor Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring* in *Fantasia* just 27 years after its cataclysmic Paris premiere triggered a near riot. Couldn't the makers of this ultra-cautious sequel have found anything more



Mickey teams up with his new maestro, Levine

adventurous to animate than Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* (yawn) or Shostakovich's *Second Piano Concerto*, a pleasant student piece written in 1957 for the composer's teenage son?

It may well be that the corporate conservatism of *Fantasia 2000* accurately reflects postmodern American taste, and certainly some of the kids who see it will be hearing classical music for the first time. But it's hard to imagine their falling in love with Beethoven as a result. —By Terry Teachout

Doing Hard Time On Death Row

The Green Mile is short on complexity and long on ... well, it's just very long

FOR FRANK DARABONT, "DOING TIME" means taking it. As the adapter and director of two Stephen King prison stories, Darabont is a man with a slow hand. He wants you to share the agony of ennui felt by jailbirds whose only job is marking time while scheming to escape or waiting to die—just like the rest of us. In *The Shawshank Redemption* he managed to invest this anxious leisure with tension and transcendence.

Odd how a style that looked spare in one movie can feel bloated in the next. That's the case with *The Green Mile*, reverently taken from King's serialized novel. It's 1935, and we're on a Southern prison's death row, where the only recreation is watching a mouse commandeer the corridor. Enter a new inmate, John Coffey (Michael Clarke Duncan), a giant black man with a gift of preternatural empathy; he can literally suck the pain

out of people. Paul Edgecomb (Tom Hanks), the chief guard of E Block, is in awe of this white magic.

He benefits from it, uses it to help a friend and, eventually, pays for it.

The piece has some eerily effective moments. The sponging of a condemned man's head makes electrocution seem a sacrament: baptism and extreme unction in a single dab. The healing scenes will evoke tears, some of them earned. And there's a lot of sharp acting, led by Hanks' pained restraint. The two villains are vigorously portrayed: a sadistic, craven guard (Doug Hutchison) and a strutting, rabid inmate (played with a daringly lunatic, dark-star quality by Sam Rockwell), whose crimes are even worse than we feared. At the core, though, one finds



DOOMED: The healer Duncan, center, is guarded by Hanks and David Morse

a slacky, sappy film. The human mystery that breathed so easily in *Shawshank* is often forced here. Grandstanding reaction shots of teary guards cue us to John Coffey's miraculous power as surely as the big man's initials hint at his majesty.

And there's no excuse for the movie to run, or meander, for more than three hours. Darabont must believe his film will move audiences, or he wouldn't have had the nerve to end it with the line "Oh, Lord, sometimes the green mile is so long." To more than a few viewers, this one will feel like a life sentence. —By Richard Corliss

The End of a Long Reign

Time has about run out for Anna and her King

CERTAIN PROPERTIES IN POPULAR culture fasten their fangs on our pants leg and never let go, no matter how we kick and yell. The story of Anna Leonowens, British tutor to the numerous progeny of testy King Mongkut, ruler of 19th century Siam, is perhaps the most persistent of these terriers.

It began life as a (possibly fictionalized) diary by its heroine and has since been a novel, a movie, a Broadway musical, a movie version of that musical and an animated feature. It is now back to being a straight movie—without songs, without the *Small House of Uncle Thomas* ballet (thank God), but with a lot of exotic spectacle and a rather murky colonial confrontation that gives Jodie Foster, playing Anna, a chance to behave



MISMATCHED: Chow is an absolutely regal monarch; Foster is slightly prissy like a slightly prissy but good-hearted 20th century liberal.

The basic titillation of the tale is intact in *Anna and the King*: the grieving widow is, as usual, brought back to life by the affection (which dares not speak its name) that develops between her and the sexy King. Of course, since they started telling and retelling this story, misce-

genation has become a nonstarter as a cause for sundering true love. Hence the thought that Anna and the monarch might logically repair to a quiet room in the palace to relieve their headaches keeps nagging as this movie unfolds.

That's especially true since he is played by the marvelous Chow Yun-Fat, who interprets the role as if the cranky volatility of Yul Brynner and Rex Harrison never existed. He has all his hair, doesn't comically fracture his English and, though he occasionally loses his temper, never loses his quiet wit. There is about him a sort of watchful wariness, a thoughtful, insinuating manliness that avoids macho strutting in favor of bemused calculation. He is, in short, an absolute monarch for our postfeminist time. Cutting through the epic gesturings of Andy Tennant's direction, he provides reason enough to return one last time to this otherwise weary romance. —By Richard Schickel

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Sad About the Boy

Noël Coward, born 100 years ago next week, is largely unsung, but shouldn't be

By DANIEL OKRENT

ANYONE ASSEMBLING A ROSTER OF artistic types who shaped the 20th century aesthetic could do worse than a team comprising Duke Ellington, Fred Astaire, Ernest Hemingway, Alfred Hitchcock and Noël Coward. Through some unlikely alignment of the planets, all five were born in the last eight months of 1899, and thus have all been celebrated in this centennial-sodden year.

Oddly, the most protean among them is the least well known today. No other 20th century figure approaches Coward's creative breadth: playwright, actor, composer, lyricist, novelist, stage director, film producer, Vegas "entertainer." His nose for talent was such that he launched Laurence Olivier's career and produced the first four films directed by David Lean. "Success," he once said, "took me to her bosom like a maternal boa constrictor."

His centennial has spawned revivals and observances. In London there have been productions of three of his plays. New York City has seen a sprightly all-Coward revue featuring Twiggy and a terrific concert version of *Sail Away*, starring Elaine Stritch in the role she created in 1961. On Dec. 16 (Coward's birthday), Lauren Bacall opens in *Waiting in the Wings*; late winter will bring *Suite in Two Keys*, starring Keir Dullea (pretty creative casting, given Coward's famous 1965 dismissal of the actor: "Keir Dullea, gone tomorrow").

But the culminating event of the Coward year was last week's sold-out gala at Carnegie Hall. Too many celebrators retailed the clever mots that have diminished Coward's reputation to something like that of, say, Fran Lebowitz's, instead of revealing him as the theatrical and musical prodigy he was. Happily, though, the evening was primarily an opportunity for the aristocracy of the cabaret world—led by

Michael Feinstein, Barbara Cook and Andrea Marcovicci—to sing the luminous songs on which Coward's legacy should most comfortably settle.

Though Coward, who died in 1973, is intensely beloved by a devoted coterie, the wider audience knows him mostly for his brittle, epigrammatic plays—particularly *Private Lives* and *Blithe Spirit*—or for that fool-proof cinematic stirrer of the female breast, *Brief Encounter*. But where his

plays and films bear the whiff of a long-gone age, Coward's songs retain the vitality: the frisky list songs that display his wit (*Mad Dogs and Englishmen*; *Don't Put Your Daughter on the Stage*, Mrs. Worthington) and the achingly tender ballads that reveal his unmatched capacity for genuine sentiment (*If Love Were All*, *Someday I'll Find You*).

If those titles aren't as familiar as Gershwin's or

Porter's, there's reason for it. Historically, standards became standards by dint of three forces: cast albums and revivals of the musicals they arise from; jazz musicians mining the repertoire; and Frank Sinatra. But Coward's musicals are theatrically his weakest work; the harmonic

simplicity of his tunes—one of the elements that give them their charm—provides scant inspiration for improvisers. And Sinatra recorded only two Coward songs.

Marcovicci points out that Coward's "language was so extraordinarily elaborate" that it seems all wrong coming from the lips of most pop singers. Impresario Donald Smith, who produced last week's gala, suggests another reason: "Coward himself was the greatest performer of his own works."

Thus is he damned by his own gifts. On the closing night of *Sail Away*'s limited run last month, Stritch told the audience about a conversation from the early '60s. "I asked Noël if he was afraid of death," Stritch recalled, "and he said the only thing he feared was that he wouldn't be remembered." It is his oceanic talent—the range of skills that made him seem, so inaccurately, a dilettante—that has brought Coward's fear to the brink of sad, sad fact. ■

A TALENT TO AMUSE

■ Among myriad creations, some of Coward's most memorable:

SONGS *Mad Dogs and Englishmen*; *If Love Were All*; *Someday I'll Find You*

PLAYS *Private Lives* (1930); *Blithe Spirit* (1941); *Present Laughter* (1942)

MOVIES *Cavalcade* (1932; Best Picture Oscar); *In Which We Serve* (1942; also co-director, star); *Brief Encounter* (1945)





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LEGACY: With her father Vincente in 1982; his musicals inspired her show

the Broadway pizzazz, a little coming to terms with middle age (she's even got new lyrics for *I'm Glad I'm Not Young Anymore*)—what better way for Liza Minnelli, 53, to announce she's back?

She says she got the idea for her new show while watching her father's films in the hospital, where she has spent an inordinate amount of time in recent years—hip-replacement surgery, an operation to remove polyps on her vocal cords, arthroscopic surgery on both knees earlier this year. Getting reacquainted

with Dad's movies "helped me so much," she says. "Sometimes God says, 'Slow down, you've got something important to do.' I feel like this was meant to be."

But there's a hardheaded career calculation here too. Hollywood, which gave her an Oscar in 1973 for *Cabaret*, pretty much washed its hands of Liza years ago, and even Broadway hasn't been very hospitable lately. Her last appearance, replacing Julie Andrews as the star of *Victor/Victoria* in 1997, got mixed reviews and ended prematurely because of her health problems. On a concert tour in the months that followed, she began canceling performances, alienating fans and bookers alike. When she called in sick at the last minute for a tribute in her honor thrown by Burt Reynolds in Los Angeles—then showed up the next night at a charity event—the columnists had a field day. "There was a party. I couldn't go. I hurt too much to go," she explains now. "And then the following night I showed up for charity. I had no business showing up in that kind of shape. I was just sick."

About reports that she had relapsed into abusing alcohol or drugs, she explains, with only a bit of Hollywood indirection: "If somebody looked at you and [because of medical problems] said, 'You can't ever sing and dance again...' It was depressing. And if you have this disease, you have it. And it is a medical disease. You have to be so careful. It can get you down. But then it's your responsibility to get back up."

By all accounts, she has

SHOW BUSINESS

Maybe This Time

It's been years since life was a cabaret for Liza Minnelli, but now she's heading for the Palace

By RICHARD ZOGLIN

LIZA MINNELLI DOESN'T SWEEP, DIVA-style, into the restaurant for an interview. She sort of edges in, warily, close to a publicist, wrapped in folds of black that effectively hide a figure that once ballooned so much that paparazzi competed for photos as though they were getting paid by the pound. Yet she's looking better these days, down 40 lbs. thanks to a high-protein diet (this evening's menu: carpaccio, swordfish steak and hot milk for dessert). Her weight, of course, is hardly the only thing that has made her a star of the gossip pages. There were the slew of canceled concert appearances, the reports of erratic behavior, a faltering singing voice and a feud and chilled relations with her half sister Lorna Luft, author of a warts-and-all family memoir. No one ever said being the daughter of Judy Garland (dead of an overdose at age 47) was easy. But for a walking, talking soap opera, you'd have to look pretty hard to top Liza.

And like most soap operas, this one is gearing up for another emotional climax. It's a comeback on Broadway, where Liza opens this week in a month-long concert engagement at the Palace Theater, where Garland herself once staged a famous

comeback. Called *Minnelli on Minnelli*, Liza's show is a tribute to the movies of her father Vincente, director of such classic Hollywood musicals as *Meet Me in St. Louis*, *An American in Paris* and *Gigi*. In it she reminisces a bit, shows pictures from the family album, sings numbers identified with her mother that she would never touch before (like *The Trolley Song* from *Meet Me in St. Louis*) and demonstrates that her voice, if not the exuberant, no-holds-barred instrument it once was, can still curl stylishly around numbers like *I Got Rhythm* and *Baubles, Bangles and Beads*. A little nostalgia, a lit-



Eager to perform despite knee and throat operations

got herself back up—swearing off bad substances and giving her voice the rest it never quite got following her throat surgery. A year and a half ago, when she approached lyricist Fred Ebb, her long-time collaborator, about helping to put together a Broadway show, he said he'd do it only if she assured him she would get herself into shape. "I told her if I couldn't sit in a room and listen and be proud of her, I'm out. I said I don't want to see you fail." Now, claims Ebb—who wrote and directed *Minnelli on Minnelli*—she's in "the best shape literally I have ever seen her in."

The family inspiration helped. Liza remained equally close to her father and her mother after they divorced in 1951. The sets of her father's movies were her childhood playground: "I threw confetti in the *American in Paris* ballet," she recalls. "On *The Long, Long Trailer* I think I was playing hopscotch when the camera went by, but he may not have used that take." While her mother gave her practical presents, her father showered her with costumes from his lushly designed movies and would improvise bedtime stories from ideas that she threw out. "I fought my whole life to say I have this ordinary background, because I wanted to fit in," she says. "But it was an extraordinary background." Describe it in one phrase? "Imaginative opulence," she answers.

Which is not quite the way it sounds in Luft's tell-all book, *Me and My Shadows: A Family Memoir* (which, among other things, recounts Lorna's role in getting Liza into rehab). The two aren't talking now, though Liza doesn't describe it as a feud: "We're sisters, and we're going through something." She won't even bad-mouth the book, which she claims she hasn't read. "It's her point of view. I think it was probably cathartic for her to write it." Catharsis or not, Liza refused to join her sister in a couple of tributes to Judy Garland at the London Palladium and Carnegie Hall. "I've never gotten involved in those things," says Liza. "I sometimes resent that they use [my mother] for stuff. I don't want to exploit her. I've never exploited either of my parents. What I'm doing is a celebration."

Let's not parse that one too closely. But let's not completely rule out the sincerity either. "The last thing my father said to me before he died was, 'You haven't scratched the surface yet,'" she recalls. "So hopefully I'm digging a little bit deeper now. With a little more wisdom, knowledge, grace." If it took Dad to make Liza grow up, who are we to argue? ■

Medea in New Orleans

Marie Christine boldly tries to take the musical to operatic heights. It's a pretty bumpy ride

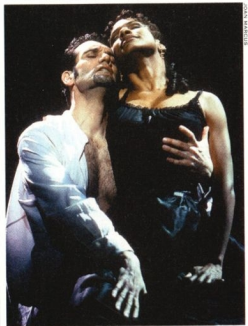
WHO WILL TAKE THE AMERICAN musical into the new millennium? Two very different camps are vying to lay out the future path for this very 20th century art form. On one side are the rockers, who want to give the musical a fresh beat and a more contemporary, populist appeal. But *Rent* hasn't exactly spawned a revolution, and rock on Broadway right now consists of little more than 20-year-old Bee Gees songs. On the other side are the artists, a group of theatrical com-

McDonald, the three-time Tony Award winner who showcased the music of LaChiusa and other art composers on her CD *Way Back to Paradise*. And it has received an extraordinary buildup from the *New York Times*, the *Only Newspaper That Matters* for serious theater, which ran no fewer than three major stories on the show while it was in previews.

The musical, which opened last week at Manhattan's Lincoln Center, makes a good case for the art-song approach but something less than a good musical. McDonald

emotes powerfully and sings beautifully as the title character, the voodoo-practicing daughter in a family of mixed-race Creoles, who sets the tragedy in motion when she becomes the lover of a white ship captain and bears him two children. The racial theme—"I was a servant in my father's house," says Marie's brother, describing their white father's rejection of them—is provocative without pontification. And there are fluid and poetic bits of staging, as when Marie casts a voodoo spell on her maid, snipping a ribbon as the girl's limbs collapse, one by one.

But the show works better as an intellectual exercise than a moving theatrical experience. Director Graciela Daniele's rather dry production dwells in ponderous shadows for much of the



VOODOO: McDonald, right, with Crivello, emotes powerfully and sings beautifully posers who use Stephen Sondheim as a model, care little about tunes that send you out of the theater humming, and seek a new amalgam of Broadway musical and traditional opera.

Enter *Marie Christine*, probably the most highly anticipated of this new art-musical genre. Lyrics and music are by Michael John LaChiusa, one of the most acclaimed of the post-Sondheim composers. It has a story of thematic heft and historical color: a retelling of the Medea myth, set in the Creole society of New Orleans in the 1890s. It stars Audra

first act and shifts abruptly (and halfheartedly) to Gay Nineties Chicago in the second. The transformation of Marie's lover (Anthony Crivello, solid if a bit too modern) from itinerant seaman to rising machine politician is not adequately explained—nor is the matter of why an ambitious candidate in 1890s Chicago would find it advantageous to claim two mixed-race kids as his own. Most crucial, LaChiusa's multithued, melodically challenging music is more effective in evoking folkloric tradition than in helping us scale the cathartic heights this operatic show is aiming for. Amplified guitars, anyone? —R.Z.

BOOKS

An Unlikely Prophet

A vivid but uneven portrait of the founder of the Nation of Islam



EVER SINCE THE NATION of Islam was founded in the 1930s, its members have lived by the slogan "Those who say don't know, and those who know don't say." In his new biography of the sect's enigmatic former leader, *The Messenger*:

The Rise and Fall of Elijah Muhammad (Pantheon Books; 667 pages; \$29), Karl Evanzz aims to pierce that veil of secrecy but misses the mark.

Drawn largely from files obtained from the FBI through the Freedom of Information Act, *The Messenger* contains new revelations about the transformation of Elijah Poole, a semiliterate refugee

from the Jim Crow South, into the self-styled Messenger of Allah who preached that whites were "blue-eyed devils." It is, as Evanzz writes, a tale "as incredible and multidimensional as that of his most important and loyal disciple, Malcolm Shabazz, better known as Malcolm X."

Or could have been, in the hands of a more skillful writer. Evanzz, an online editor for the Washington Post, has a nose for scoops. He establishes beyond all doubt that Wallace D. Fard, the mysterious silk salesman who convinced Muhammad that he was the embodiment of Allah on earth, was actually a New Zealand-born petty criminal. Evanzz adds fresh—if overblown—detail to the



MUHAMMAD: Preached against "blue-eyed devils"

Muslims' pre-World War II entanglement with Sahatoh Takahashi, a shadowy radical who persuaded Muhammad that with Allah's blessing "the Japanese will slaughter the white man." Evanzz even provides snatches of FBI tapes of Muhammad bickering with his wife Clara over his philandering, which produced 13 out-of-wedlock children by seven different Muslim women.

The Messenger would have benefited from thorough editing. It is littered with clunky metaphors and minor errors, such as Evanzz's assertion that Martin Luther King Jr. was killed with a shotgun, not a high-powered rifle, that undermine its credibility. Those seeking a definitive biography of the Muslim leader should turn to Claude Andrew Clegg III's 1997 study, *An Original Man: The Life and Times of Elijah Muhammad*, which covers most of the same ground but in a scholarly and far more convincing way.

—By Jack E. White

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PIPE

To a 6th grader

To a 7th grader



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P A R E N T S
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Plague of the Century

Tracking the 1918 flu virus that killed 20 million



EVEN A HARD-CORE PESSIMIST must agree that things are looking up when the most immediate worry at the end of the 20th century is that computers won't know what time it is just after midnight,

Dec. 31. Or that the threat of a genuine apocalypse has been downgraded from a swift nuclear winter to the palmy dangers of slow global warming.

If you are still not convinced of a general improvement in the human condition, pick up a copy of Gina Kolata's *Flu: The Story of the Great Influenza Pandemic of 1918 and the Search for the Virus That Caused It* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 329 pages; \$25). Kolata, a science writer for the *New York Times*, resurrects a year when the worst could and did happen: at least 20 million and possibly more than 40 million people throughout the world took sick and died.



KOLATA: A chilling medical-detective story packed with new astonishments

In the U.S., the epidemic first appeared on Army bases. Strapping recruits began the day in the pink and ended it drowning in their own secretions. The bug jumped quickly to the civilian population. Abroad, similar outbreaks spread until entire continents were stained by infection. The scourge remains, hands down, the biggest single disaster in human history. Strangely, it is also a chapter that has been largely forgotten. Kolata suggests that the lapse is due to the magnitude of the horror—in short, mass denial. Another diagnosis could be that the epidemic was conflated with the carnage of World War I, memories of which have also faded as its last survivors succumb to extreme old age.

Those familiar with previous accounts of the 1918 contagion (Richard Collier's *The Plague of the Spanish Lady* or Alfred Crosby's *America's Forgotten Pandemic*) may be surprised to learn that science has yet to discover what made that particular flu virus so deadly. Though no longer a threat, the mass killer is, so to speak, still at large.

Kolata's medical detective story is packed with new information and astonishments. She explains, for example,



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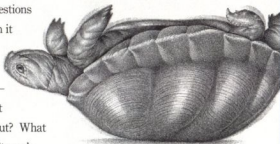
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BOOKS

that it is now believed the epidemic killed mainly strong adults between ages 20 and 40 because healthy immune systems overreacted. Both invader and defender flooded the lungs, the only organ in the body with the enzyme needed to replicate the virus.

In this era of big science, most of the research on the 1918 virus has been done on shoestring budgets by determined individuals. Kolata celebrates the obscure scientists who did the scut work, which included collecting tissue samples from bodies moldering in permafrost for eight decades. Dr. Jeffrey Taubenberger of the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology in Washington didn't have to go far. While searching through the institute's museum of diseased body parts ("a Library of Congress of the Dead," says Kolata), Taubenberger found a lung scrap from an Army private who died on Sept. 19, 1918.

Only a genetic "footprint" of that plague year has been found. Yet Kolata has made the most of the ongoing mystery. She has produced not only a chilling read but also a book that, like Paul de Kruif's classic *Microbe Hunters*, could jump-start a new generation of medical researchers.

—By R.Z. Sheppard

FROM OUR STAFF



As the century comes to a close, two books from the Time Inc. family look back at its people and events. *Life: Our Century in Pictures* is an anthology of

770 images. Many are from the magazine; others are remarkable prints that have not been seen for generations. Historical essays and brief obituaries round out the volume. *People of the Century*



collects the 100 profiles—written by TIME staff members and notables from Henry Kissinger to Gloria Steinem—of the most influential men and women of

the century as featured in five TIME 100 special issues and CBS News TV programs. A foreword by Dan Rather summarizes the past century, and an afterword by TIME managing editor Walter Isaacson speculates on the next.



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The Sweet Sound of *Magnolia*

Aimee Mann's tales of romantic distress find emotionally satisfying release on a vibrant new sound track

CARLOS PEREZ/REUTERS/PHOTO

By DAVID E. THIGPEN

WHEN WORD LEAKED THAT AIMEE Mann was recording the sound track to director Paul Thomas Anderson's hotly awaited film *Magnolia*, it was hard to know which was the bigger surprise: that a maverick songwriter from pop's margins had landed such a plum job, or that Mann was releasing anything at all.

To understand Mann's place in the pop universe, imagine, if you would, crossing Kurt Cobain with Emily Dickinson. Their offspring—literate, biting introspective, deeply contemptuous of money and fame—would be a lot like Aimee Mann. Because of hard luck and

an incurable case of artistic independence, the gifted Los Angeles folk-pop soloist has been left untouched by the wave of acclaim that buoyed Jewel, Tori Amos and the Lilith crowd.

In two solo albums of exceptionally beautiful tunes and casually caustic commentary on the pitfalls of romantic relationships, Mann, 39, has remained a cult-size pleasure. Timing has been her enemy. *Whatever*, her fine 1993 solo debut, came out just as her label, Imago Records, hit the financial skids. Her next album, *I'm with Stupid*, languished in legal limbo until Geffen Records released it—two years late. And early this year it looked as if the curse might strike again: as Mann neared completion of a new

work, *Bachelor No. 2*, Geffen merged with Interscope Records, whose executives ordered her back into the studio to come up with a hit single.

That request left Mann "beyond not interested." To get out of her contract, she had to buy back her own master tapes. "I had had it," she explains. "Now I understand what Prince went through. I was ready to cheerfully quit the business forever." Fortunately, this is when Paul Thomas Anderson stepped in. While writing the script for *Magnolia*, Anderson heard a tape of some of Mann's new songs and liked them so much he began building characters around them. Claudia, the lonely cokehead played by Melora Walters, was inspired by the song *Deathly*. "Everything [Aimee] seemed to be thinking were things that I was thinking," the *Boogie Nights* auteur writes in *Magnolia*'s liner notes. Mann's songs were inadvertently attuned to Anderson's central theme: emotional rescue.

The result of this symbiosis is *Music from the Motion Picture Magnolia* (Reprise), Mann's first release in four years. It includes eight new songs in a curvaceous, melodically rich style evocative of Burt Bacharach and the Beatles. Two of the best songs, *You Do* and *Save Me*, Mann wrote for *Magnolia*; others were lifted from *Bachelor No. 2*, to be released next year on her new indie label, SuperEgo. *Magnolia* may be the best thing to have happened to sound tracks since Mike Nichols sat down with Simon and Garfunkel and came up with *The Graduate*. While it's unlikely to put an end to the star-packed sound tracks so popular now, *Magnolia* should bring wider exposure to a songwriting talent full of the soulfulness that today's commercially obsessed pop so often lacks and so badly needs. ■

THE PRODUCER

And Brion Blooms Too

JON BRION'S ALBUM *MEANINGLESS* COULD HAVE BEEN one of 1999's best solo debuts—but you may never get to hear it. Lava/Atlantic, Brion's label, decided the CD wasn't sufficiently marketable and never released it. "I was treated as if I had handed in my 'art record,' as if I had intentionally done some horribly self-destructive thing," says Brion. "I thought I handed in something that was reasonably commercial."

This month the Los Angeles-based singer-songwriter gets his chance to be heard. Brion, 35, composed the introspective instrumental score to Paul Thomas Anderson's film *Magnolia* (Anderson is a longtime friend of Brion's) and produced five lush instrumentation, pensive lyrics

songs on the sound track (including Aimee Mann's intimate cover of the Harry Nilsson standard *One*). Brion also produced Fiona Apple's terrific new CD.

Listening to a Brion-produced song is like entering a tastefully decorated drawing room. Brion—who plays piano, drums and guitar—often fills his music with warm instrumentation but never overwhelms a song's emotional content. In his own compositions, his lyrics are playfully pensive. "I wish I could say that we'd fallen from grace," he sings on *Dead to the World*, a song from his solo CD. "But we never made it to that place." Says Brion: "The willingness to fall on your face pays for the moments that are a little more transcendent." He's now shopping his shelved solo CD to other labels, but with the *Magnolia* sound track, Brion has already achieved a good measure of grace. —By Christopher John Farley



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CINEMA



THE CIDER HOUSE RULES Directed by **Lasse Hallström** John Irving's rural sprawl of a novel becomes, in his screenplay, a small epic with subtle strengths. The setting is harsh—a Maine orphanage in the early '40s, with war and sexual abuse looming—but the mood is warm and precise, as a flinty, laudanum-addicted doctor (the excellent Michael Caine) tutors his brightest charge (Tobey Maguire, the most watchful of young actors) to be his protégé. Hallström, here as in *My Life as a Dog* and *What's Eating Gilbert Grape*, lets the characters carry the story without allowing the actors to push too hard. This is a film with the wisdom to see the myopia in good men, the charm in men who do bad things. —By Richard Corliss

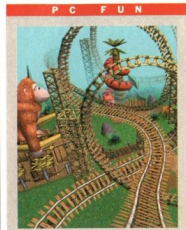
STUART LITTLE Directed by **Rob Minkoff** It's marginally more probable that Stuart is the Littles' adopted son, as he is in the film, than their natural offspring, as he was in E.B. White's classic children's novel. He is, after all, a wee mouse. But sooner or later, in both cases, disbelief is suspended, and we take the brave, chipper and very decent rodent (voiced by Michael J. Fox) to heart. Though Stuart's adventures seem more breathless on-screen than they did on the page, the



blend of digital animation and live action is first rate. Eventually Stuart wins over even Snowbell, the Littles' cat (Nathan Lane). That scheming feline is a tougher audience than any Stuart is likely to encounter in theaters. —By Richard Schickel

BOOKS

PASSAGE TO JUNEAU By **Jonathan Raban** The inexorable, beautiful and sometimes



SIM THEME PARK: Ever wanted to own Disneyland or a Six Flags? Now you can. In the world-creating tradition of the classic *Sim City*, this PC game lets you build and road-test all kinds of roller-coaster rides. The goal: to make the park's patrons as happy as possible. Do it right, and you'll feel as giddy as a kid with a free-ride pass. —By Chris Taylor



as Raban mixes the tributaries of his own experience, accounts of early explorers and the myths of coastal natives. His masterly book becomes a surging current that spins off eddies in which the strands of the narrative converge. At first dazzling and droll, these whirlpools deepen and darken until, in a heart-breaking conclusion, Raban finds himself captured by the tidal forces he has so brilliantly described. —By Eugene Linden

NAT KING COLE By **Daniel Mark Epstein** Though his ability to wrap his voice



around a romantic lyric arguably ranked him near Elvis, Sinatra and Lady Day, the pop balladeer and jazz pianist Nat King Cole is unfortunately perhaps best remembered today as Natalie's dad. Epstein's insightful new book—best read while listening to Cole's

rereleased album *The Christmas Song*—should remedy things. The biographer sometimes digs too deep into esoteric, spending pages analyzing the lyrics of *Straighten Up and Fly Right*, for example. But when he recounts the singer's personal struggles, including a shocking 1956 onstage kidnapping attempt by Alabama racists, the human drama is, well, unforgettable. —By Jeffrey Ressler



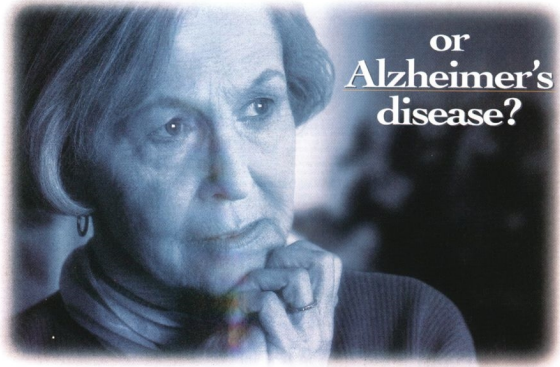
MUSIC

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS **Anne Sofie von Otter** At last—a classy Christmas album. Von Otter, the best of all possible mezzo-sopranos, has put together a kaleidoscopically varied program of pop, jazz, classical and folk songs accompanied by an equally diverse instrumental ensemble (accordion, marimba, guitar, synthesizers, a brass quintet—you name it, she's got it). Every number, be it *Hace Yourself a Merry Little Christmas*, *O Come, All Ye Faithful* or Benjamin Britten's *Corpus Christi Carol*, is sung with stylish grace and disarming sincerity. And unlike most classical singers, Von Otter knows how to make a pop tune swing. —By Terry Teachout

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS **Murray Perahia** America's poet of the piano plays 15 of

Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* (literally, *Songs Without Words*), plus eight Bach-Busoni and Schubert-Liszt transcriptions. The hand injury that threatened to sideline Perahia only a few short years ago is now nothing but a fast-fading memory: the poise and lyricism of the exquisite playing heard on this meltingly beautiful CD are worthy of comparison with any of the century's greatest pianists. His tone is warm and inviting, his interpretations quietly romantic. Vladimir Horowitz—who once gave Perahia a few pointers—would have reveled in the results. —T.T.

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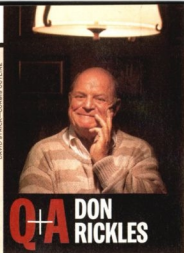
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DAVID STRICK—COMBES OUTLINE



Don Rickles is the voice of Mr. Potato Head in *Toy Story 2*.

Q. Take your best shot, old man.

A. I don't read your column, but I use it to wrap gifts.

Q. Your habit of calling people "hockey pucks" doesn't seem very insulting or funny. How about "impotent old crank"?

A. I got kids very easily.

Q. So in the movie, you fall in love with Mrs. Potato Head or something?

A. Yeah, right. It's a great story. It's one of those stories that you'll go away and write into your book of memories.

Q. Are you going to do *Toy Story 3*?

A. Not if I can help it.

Q. Tomorrow night I get inducted into the Friars Club. Any advice?

A. Yeah. Quit.

Q. You once sold makeup door to door. What line did you open with? "My God, lady, I don't have any spackle"?

A. No. That's why you write a column and I'm a successful comedian.

Q. Even though you're a lifelong Democrat, you co-starred at the Inaugurations of Reagan and Bush. Were you that hard up for a gig?

A. No. I was that hard up to hang around Sinatra. Frank got me the jobs.

Q. In 1982 you dedicated the Barbara and Don Rickles Gymnasium at the Sinal Temple in L.A. Why don't you ever go?

A. I have my own gym. When you do jokes and they sell, you get a gym.

Q. Why were you in those *Beach Blanket Bingo* movies? Did you have a better body back then?

A. No. I did them because I wanted to pick up a few dollars, and my dream was to meet Frankie Avalon.

Q. More than Annette?

A. Yeah, Frankie was my idol. That shows you the shape I was in.

Q. You ever use insult humor during sex?

A. This is going to go into the paper? You've become a writer with this stuff?

Q. Oh, yeah.

—By Joel Stein

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TIME, DECEMBER 13, 1999



AMY DICKINSON

Little Musicians

It may not give your child perfect pitch, but early exposure to music is still worthwhile

SOME FAMILIES VALUE LOOKS, SMARTS OR ATHLETIC skill, but people in my family—otherwise cursed with averageness—have only one shot at perfection. Flowing through our gene pool is a high incidence of perfect pitch. That's the rare ability, found in 1 person in 10,000, to sing a given note at exactly the right pitch every time. In a musical family like mine, the person with the best pitch is the quarterback, the beauty queen and the genius rolled into one. We sing a lot in my family, and

those members with perfect pitch always get to carry the tune.

In a recent study, researchers from the University of Southern California at San Diego recorded native speakers of tonal languages—Vietnamese and Chinese—in which meaning is conveyed not only by the sound of a word but also by pitch. With remarkable precision such people use the same pitch each time they say a certain word. They all have perfect pitch. Researchers think it's possible that all babies are born with perfect pitch and that those who learn a tonal language hang on to it, while most of the rest of us lose it along the way.

But what if we study music at a very young age? If we are born with perfect pitch, could that help us keep it? Should we be offering lessons in infant cello or pint-size French horn? Dr. Kyle Pruett, who is a professor at the Child Study Center at Yale, a musician and the father of a nine-month-old, told me that even if we are born with perfect pitch, there is still no research showing that we can do anything to retain it. Formal musical training that comes too early can frustrate parents and “won’t make much of a difference, musically,” to a baby. Perfect pitch is a cool party trick, but it doesn’t necessarily correlate with musical talent. Many professional musicians don’t have it; most have a highly developed sense of “relative” pitch.

Most important, Pruett says, are the baby’s genes and home environment. If you want your baby to be musical, keep music in the air. There is evidence that the

order and predictability of music by Mozart, Bach and Haydn are easy for very young children to enjoy. Sing frequently to your toddler—*The Itsy-Bitsy Spider*, lullabies, Rodgers and Hart—remembering that young children’s voices are pitched higher than adults’. When your child is around age three, let her explore a key-

board, listening with her as the notes rise and fall in pitch. Sing a note as it is played, and plunk out simple tunes. Dancing, skipping and banging on a wastebasket are also advisable. Suzuki training on strings and keyboard can begin as early as three. Most children can learn to play a recorder and pick out tunes on a piano at around six.

If your child has extraordinary musical talent, it will be evident; genius has a way of announcing itself. But even if your child isn’t the next Mozart, he will develop a fine sense of pitch and

learn to carry a tune and love music. In my family the perfect pitch skipped from my mother to my daughter, missing me. But that didn’t stop me from making a living as a lounge singer for a while or from belting out some pretty good show tunes in the shower. My daughter, with her scary dog hearing and perfect pitch, can tell me when I’ve drifted even slightly out of tune, but I remind her that we can’t all be perfect. Sometimes—in music as in horseshoes—getting close is good enough.

See our website at time.com/personal for more on music instruction for kids. You can send Amy an e-mail at timefamily@aol.com



BY ABOUT AGE SIX, most kids can learn to pick out tunes on a piano

IN BRIEF

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE... Though 9 out of 10 parents claim to know how to be safe with foods for young children, a new survey by the Institute of Pediatric Nutrition reveals that many do not. One of 5 parents believes it's O.K. to feed a young child raw carrots or celery, despite the risk of choking on these foods. One in 3 parents does not consistently wash kitchen counters before preparing baby bottles, despite the risk of bacterial



contamination. The Institute of Pediatric Nutrition offers food-safety information by phone at 800-721-5BABY.

YOU'VE GOT E-MAIL For seniors in elder-care facilities, learning to e-mail family and friends can be a potent revitalizing experience, the Gerontological Society was recently told. Among the hits of an innovative Web course (LINKAGES.NET): a man who says it opened “a window to life”; a woman apprised of the birth of three great-grandchildren; a senior who got e-mailed back: “You are the coolest grandma in California.”



JOB VS. FAMILY What's the latest measure of success? Not material possessions or a prestigious job. A Yankelovich poll for MasterCard indicates it's a good family life. Eight of 10 people say they admire someone who puts family before work; nearly half say they've changed jobs to have more family time; and 1 in 5 say they've taken a pay cut to work less. But what we say about priorities doesn't always match what we do: a recent government study shows working hours have risen, while time with kids has fallen.


—By Alain L. Sanders





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CHRISTINE GORMAN

Mixed-Up Meds

Lots of drugs have similar-sounding names. How you can tell you're getting the right one

MISTAKES ARE A FACT OF LIFE (AND SOMETIMES death) in any hospital, but one of the easiest to make, according to the report published last week by the Institute of Medicine (*see story this week in*

MEDICINE), is to confuse one drug for another. Fortunately, this is a source of medical error that patients can do something about.

I speak from personal experience. As a college student in the 1980s, I spent a summer working as an intern in a hospital pharmacy. Whenever

we received a prescription order, I would go to the stock shelves, find the right bottle and count out the number of pills that were called for. A registered pharmacist verified my work and swept the pills into a container with the patient's name, which was then delivered to the appropriate floor. One day I put a weaker dose of a

ceived 53 reports of dispensing errors that occurred when it was mistaken for the seizure drug Cerebryx or the antidepressant Celexa. Searle, the maker of Celebrix, ran ads in medical journals this summer to point out the similarities to doctors and pharmacists and make them aware of the dangers of mixing them up. Although the

FDA regulates drugs for safety and efficacy, it does not pay as close attention to their names.

Other commonly confused drugs, according to the Institute for Safe Medication Practices, include Flomax (used to treat an enlarged prostate) and Fosamax (osteoporosis), Adderall (attention-deficit disorder) and Inderal (high blood pressure or heart problems), Lamisil (fungal infections) and Lamictal (epilepsy), Prilosec (acid reflux) and Prozac (depression).

As the patient in my own case showed, knowing the color and shape of the pills you take regularly is an important safeguard against taking the wrong one. Many new drugs have their own websites, complete with pictures. Another excellent source of visual information is the *Physician's Desk Reference*, which is available in many libraries. There's lots more information on the Web at www.pdr.net.

It's also a good idea to ask your doctor to write out both the generic and brand names of your prescription. Find out from him or her what condition the drug is supposed to treat, how to take it and what possible side effects you might expect. Then, as a check, ask those same questions of the pharmacist who fills the order. Most of the time there won't be a problem. But it never hurts to learn all you can about what you're putting in your body. ■

For more information on medication errors, visit time.com/personal. You can send e-mail for Christine to gorman@time.com

GOOD NEWS

HEAD FIRST

Reassurance for moms-to-be: about a year after concerns were raised about a link between vacuum-assisted deliveries and injury to a baby's brain, a new study has deemed the procedure relatively safe—i.e., at least as safe as other emergency interventions. After poring over the records of 500,000 births, researchers conclude that vacuum deliveries—using a suction cup-like device that coaxes the baby out—are associated with bleeding into a baby's brain in just 0.1% of cases, about the same rate as caesarean and forceps deliveries.



BONING UP

More than 3 million Americans take so-called statin drugs to drive down their cholesterol and reduce their risk of heart disease and stroke. Now a study whose results stunned even the researchers shows that the same statins can reverse osteoporosis—at least in rats. New bone formation increased 50% in lab animals receiving statin drugs for a month, far exceeding the effect of today's osteoporosis options, such as hormone-replacement therapy and Fosamax. The true litmus test: trials on humans, which have yet to begin.



BAD NEWS

NOW THAT'S DEPRESSING

Many folks treated for depression are, well, depressed about antidepressants. Barely a third of those surveyed say they are very satisfied with the drugs. Meanwhile, more than 80% admit depression continues to impair their social life, while 72% say their work performance still suffers. Patients shouldn't give up on treatment. They should talk to their doctor about altering dosage or switching to a different pill.



DISCORDANT DIAGNOSIS It's scary enough when a biopsy reveals cancer. Now a study concludes that up to 2% of biopsy reports are flat-out wrong. The pathologist may say there's cancer when the cells are perfectly normal. Worse, the wrong cancer may be diagnosed, leading to inappropriate care. Example: lymphoma, which is treated with chemotherapy, can be mistaken for a head and neck tumor, which requires surgery and radiation. What to do? Demand a second opinion. — **By Janice M. Horowitz**

Sources: Good News—New England Journal of Medicine (12/2/99); Science (12/3/99); Bad News—National Depression and Manic Depressive Association; Cancer (12/99)

A TRIO OF SOUND-ALIKE DRUGS		
CELEXA™ (self-ah-eh) taken by mouth	CEREBRYX™ (ser-eh-breek) taken by injection	CELEBREX™ (self-ah-breek) taken by mouth
Made by: Forest Laboratories	Made by: Parke-Davis	Made by: G.D. Searle
Used for: major depression	Used for: seizures	Used for: arthritis
Generic Name: citalopram hydrobromide	Generic Name: fosphenytoin sodium injection	Generic Name: celecoxib

heart medication on the counting tray than I should have. Neither the pharmacist nor I caught my mistake, but the patient saw that the pills were not the color he was used to getting and refused to take the drug. That episode taught me that mistakes can happen, even when safeguards are in place. And whether we like it or not, patients are sometimes the last line of defense against errors.

The potential for medication mix-ups has increased dramatically over the past two decades as more and more drugs—each with one or more generic and brand names—have flooded the market. There are more than 15,000 drug names in general use in the U.S. With only 26 letters in the alphabet, some of these names are bound to sound alike.

For example, soon after the new arthritis drug Celebrex became available, the Food and Drug Administration re-



CHRIS TAYLOR

Good, Clean Quake

The splatter game is back—recast as fun-for-all sport. I got an exclusive look behind the scenes

BEHIND THE DOOR OF SUITE 666 IN THE BLACK-glass Towne East Tower in Mesquite, Texas, Miss Donna is treating me to a real drubbing. In reality, she's sitting at the next computer, every inch the quintessential Texas mother, all big hair and rouge. Onscreen, I never see her until it's too late. "I'm a-coming to get you!" whoops the fortysomething office manager and designated mom-in-residence to id software's 13 staff members, as her footsteps grow louder. A burst of green plasma

fire frags me, and I have to respawn. To frag is to kill, which Miss Donna does a lot of; to spawn is to be reborn, which I do a lot of. On the one occasion I manage to frag her, she taunts, "Oh, so your gun actually works, then?"

What Miss Donna and I are, er, testing is Quake III Arena—the hottest, most anticipated PC game of the year, if not of all time. It's set to hit store shelves Dec. 12, and TIME got the first peek at the finished product. id, the guys who brought you the highly successful and controversial first-person shooter games Doom and Quake, have been working on this sequel ever since they wrapped up Quake II in 1997, and it shows.

The game has effectively transformed into a sport, with 30 lovingly crafted arenas and 32 crafty computer opponents, a.k.a. bots. Previous id games always had some narrative device, but Quake III abandons all pretense of a plot. It's nothing but networked death matches, played by individuals or teams, against the computer or over the Internet. It's wise to practice on the bots first and avoid the humiliation I suffered against veterans like Miss Donna.

The matches are held in some of the most meticulously rendered backdrops ever presented on a computer screen. I found it hard to play without gawking. The lighting! The mist! The way bullets whiz through water! It feels like you're reliving the first half-hour of *Saving Private Ryan*—except, surprisingly, it's not as gory.

As fans of boxing discovered a century ago, games become more socially acceptable when they're confined to arenas and given rules. And the new, paintball-like feel may even improve Quake's reputation in the eyes of teachers, parents and legisla-

tors in the post-Columbine era. "We are sort of a poster child for violence in video games," says John Carmack, id's founder and owner, "but when people sit down and have a good time in Quake III, it's hard for them to think this is a bad thing."



At the request of its publisher, Activision, id has included a bloodless game option that turns off offensive splatter. The interface is simple enough for anyone to learn in five minutes and play for five minutes at a time, and it doesn't take a Ph.D. in rocketry to get your head round such scenarios as Capture the Flag. "People will view it as a casual thing," Carmack told me, "a pastime."

Not that the id gang sees it that way. There's little time for pastimes at a company where you live most of **QUAKE, RATTLE AND ROLL: Computer players Anarki, Daemia and Bones**

your life in the office—20 hours a day, seven days a week on average during the late stages of Quake III's development, when almost the entire team spent nights sleeping on couches or the floor. The offices are pretty well lived-in, judging from the scattered remnants of takeout dinners and the small home gym.

"Your spouse has to know that id is the center of your life," says designer Christian Antkow, who is agonizing over whether to tie his girlfriend to this grueling lifestyle by marrying her. "It takes a special someone to deal with us nerds."

Then again, there are compensations aplenty. Four of these long-haired, T-shirted guys are millionaires; most own Ferraris (Carmack has too many for his garage), Porsche 911s or large houses built on the success of previous games. Take them to a Tony restaurant, and they will casually debate the merits of vintage wines.

Then there are the intangible benefits of having, well, a more childlike outlook on life. During the final week of coding, veter-

an designer Graeme Devine noticed that nerves weren't fraying. So he went to the local Toys "R" Us and cleaned them out of Nerf guns—\$280 worth of the rubber-shot geek toys. What followed is still spoken of in hushed tones: an epic 3-hr. Nerf war. "It was good for the team," says Devine. "By shooting each other, we saved a possible blowup in the company."

Of course, it's these guys' jobs to shoot at each other. Now that coding for the PC version of Quake III is finished—it wrapped up at 4:30 a.m. on Thanksgiving day—all that's left is tweaking for Mac and Linux versions, and plenty of play testing. Last week the only thing you could hear in Suite 666 was resounding cries of "Dammit, get out of the way!" and "I've picked up the shotgun. I'll cover you!"

Carmack, described reverentially by a team member as "an evil genius," is not playing. He's already hard at work on his next project—and no doubt his next million.

And Miss Donna? She's hooked. Just ask the mail-delivery guys who wait in line while she finishes fragging her opponents. "It just intrigues me," she smiles. "I think the guys push us women away from the computer 'cause they don't want us to see what we're missing." With Miss Donna in the arena, we guys had better get ready to respawn. ■

You can download a demo at www.quake3arena.com. And you can e-mail Chris at cdt@well.com

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DANIEL KADLEC

Y2K Buy Stocks

If nothing happens at midnight 2000, the only people panicking will be those who sold short

WALL STREET HAS MORE HOLIDAY TRADITIONS THAN the North Pole, starting with a Santa Claus rally each December, followed swiftly by the January effect, January barometer and, finally, Super Bowl indicator—all of which are supposed to say something about where stocks are headed. As you might guess, much of the Yuletide lore is pure eggnog. But there's no denying that this season can be magical. The stock market's best months, hands down, are November through January.

Since 1950, those three months have produced more market gains than the other nine months combined. And we're at it again. Since Oct. 31, the S&P 500 is up 5.2%, the Dow 5.2%, the NASDAQ composite a heady 19%. Yet many investors are sitting on the sidelines, waiting out the Y2K fiasco. (You know, mayhem that would make Moses proud when computers misread 00 as 1900 on Jan. 1.) Yes, stock prices could unravel if Y2Khaos really occurs, or if anything else for that matter ignites a panic. Can you say higher interest rates? But serious jitters seem a long shot. The market has already stood firm against three interest-rate hikes. As for Y2K, I believe the panic came when tech stocks hit the skids last summer. Done. Finito. The market is now looking well past the millennium, having got comfortable with the notion that it will pass with barely a sputter. For that and other reasons, this year's seasonal lift could be something special.

That's not a prediction. It's an alert: the table is set for a sharp run-up through January. You can't count on it, and please hold the nasty e-mail if it doesn't happen. But timing the market rarely works anyway, so why not give yourself a chance. If you're tempted to cut and run—don't; and if you have cash earmarked for stocks after the New Year, start investing now.

John Cleland, chief investment strategist at fund company Security Benefit Group, is so convinced that stocks will "melt up" next month that he has begun a special marketing campaign to attract new money

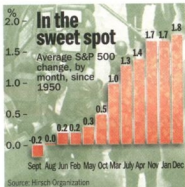
by year's end. "Y2K will be the biggest non-event in history," he predicts. "The door will not be wide enough for everyone who wants to buy stocks in January."

I'm not so sure about his melt-up prediction: a 20% Dow gain in the first quarter, Cleland forecasts. But I buy into the case for a strong market big time. Many companies fund their pension obligations in January, giving the market a boost. And there really is a January effect. Stocks that had been sold purely to lock in tax benefits the previous year tend to get noticed and bid higher early in the New Year, often resulting in a rally led by small stocks. There will have been plenty of tax selling by the end of this year.

Roughly 60% of all stocks are down for the year, according to Salomon Smith Barney.

Meanwhile, cash has been piling up in money-market funds—\$37 billion in October, the most since the Asian contagion—and flows into stock funds have been tepid. Y2K worrywarts, it seems, are hoarding more than bottled water and canned food. How should you invest? If Cleland is right, pent-up demand will lift everything, and popular tech stocks will get more popular. The traditional approach is through beaten-up small stocks, which may be coming into favor anyway. Salomon Smith Barney likes beaten-up big stocks, including Fluor, H&R Block and Hasbro. You've got choices. The first one, though, is to be invested. ■

See time.com/personal for more on the January effect and other seasonal market patterns. E-mail Dan at kadlec@time.com



IN BRIEF

RETIRING? NOT SO FAST The new year may prompt you to review retirement plans. The Social Security retirement age, set at 65 for many years, will gradually increase until it reaches 67. If you were born in 1938, add two months to your work life. Born in '60? Make it two years. Says Don Blandin, president of the American Savings Education Council: "Americans who had expected to retire at 65 with full benefits will need to adjust their plans to ensure they will not have a shortfall in income."

If you were born in ... To receive 100% of your Social Security benefits you need to retire at ...

1937 or before	65 years
1938	65 years, 2 months
1939	65 years, 4 months
1940	65 years, 6 months
1941	65 years, 8 months
1942	65 years, 10 months
1943-54	66 years
1955	66 years, 2 months
1956	66 years, 4 months
1957	66 years, 6 months
1958	66 years, 8 months
1959	66 years, 10 months
1960 or later	67 years

Source: Social Security Administration

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JUNK OR TREASURE? Before you put Grandma's silver service up for bid on eBay, shouldn't you get an idea of its worth? That's the notion behind eappraisals.com, which will evaluate your antiques, furniture and collectibles. Send in a digital image and a detailed description of the object, and within two days you get an expert appraisal. The fee for the service, available in early January,

is \$20. "We can give you a good idea for most objects," says Leslie Hindman, founder of eappraisals and a 20-year veteran of auction houses. —By Abu M. Pascual



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PEOPLE

By MICHELE ORECKLIN



A TALE OF TWO TYSONS

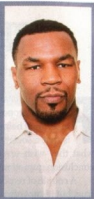
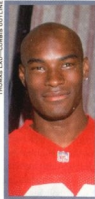
Totem International, a company that sells "gay" dolls, recently debuted Tyson, an African-American musclemen with a shaved head. So, was the inspiration boxer Mike Tyson and/or male supermodel Tyson Beckford? Totem denies the doll is based on a living person, but toy Tyson does have similarities to the other two.

TYSON BECKFORD

TYSON DOLL

MIKE TYSON

yes	"fun-loving, gregarious, outgoing kind of guy"	no
yes	has tattoos	yes
no	"gets into all sorts of mischief"	yes
yes	has a following among gay men	no
yes	"breathhtakingly gorgeous"	no
yes	often wears little more than underwear	yes
no	doesn't talk	if only



TOY SCOUTS

Boy Scouts are taught to be prepared, but last week in London six of them were caught with their pants down. The lapse is easily explained, considering the six were not scouts at all but rather adult strippers bedecked as scouts for an act staged by Sir Elton John. Performing at a benefit for the gay-rights group Stonewall before an audience that included the wife of Prime Minister Tony Blair, John sang as the dancers stripped to their skivvies. The crowd seemed entertained, but the head of Britain's Scouting organization was not amused. In a letter to the show's organizers, he labeled the performance "deplorable" and demanded an apology. We hope Sir Elton won't need help crossing the street when he reaches old age.



Rocky Road

Though the century has witnessed impressive gains in workers' rights, it now seems the 1990s will end on a sour labor note. Last week five former employees filed a \$1.5 million suit against **SYLVESTER STALLONE** and his wife **JENNIFER FLAVIN**, saying working for the couple was a "nightmare." The five claim that during their brief employ in the actor's mansion in 1995, they were required to follow a list of rules (dubbed "the Emperor's 10 Commandments"), including instructions to refrain from looking Stallone in the eye, to vanish immediately when he entered a room and never to speak to his mother. They say their failure to adhere to these rules caused their termination. Stallone's lawyer called the suit "purely fictional," and the couple has filed a countersuit for slander against two of the staff members.

FEUD OF THE WEEK

NAME: Al ("the Roke") Roker

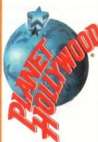
OCCUPATION: Serving burgers with high prices

BEST PUNCH: On the *Today* show, Roker named theme restaurants as the worst fad of the '90s, saying, "They were basically a reason to foist really bad food and cheap merchandise on Americans and tourists"

NAME: Planet ("Chapter 11") Hollywood

OCCUPATION: Serving burgers with high prices

BEST PUNCH: Representatives from the restaurant appeared at the show's outdoor set the following day and shamed Roker into an on-air apology by bringing cratesloads of toys for the show to donate to needy children



WINNER Roker. He expresses his first controversial opinion on air and scores gifts

Michael Kinsley

The Mystical Power of Free Trade

Some people find it hard to believe it really works, but it does

FREE TRADE IS ALWAYS A HARD SELL. IN ALL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE, the proposition that comes closest to being scientific, in terms of being theoretically provable and true in real life, is that a society benefits from allowing its citizens to buy what they wish—even from foreigners. But people resist this conclusion, sometimes violently, as in Seattle last week. Why?

A couple of reasons. First, the principle of free trade may be true, but it's not obviously true. In fact, it's counterintuitive. If a factory shuts down because of a flood of cheap foreign products, how is that good? If middle-class Americans find themselves competing with foreigners being paid practically nothing and living in squalor, how can this send Americans' standard of living up and not down? If another nation is willing to pollute its air and water in order to produce goods for sale in the global economy, how can America join that economy and still hope to keep its own air and water clean?

There are answers to these questions, but they take a bit of background and a bit of persuading. Students of economics are led step by step through layers of reasoning until the moment they see the light. Skeptics think that the whole routine is like induction into a religious cult and that free trade is more like an article of religious faith than a sound policy recommendation. These skeptics are wrong, but their skepticism is understandable.

The other reason it's hard to sell free trade is that any given example tends to benefit a lot of people in small ways that are hard to identify and tends to harm a few people a lot in ways that are vividly evident. When that factory shuts down, the unemployed workers know they've suffered a loss, and they know why. And it's a big enough loss to stir them politically. It will affect their vote at least, if not cause them to march in the streets.

By contrast, budget-conscious clothes shoppers (maybe those same workers) who are able to save a few bucks on a new sweater are not likely to realize they are enjoying a bargain as a result of global trade or to take to the streets to defend their right to a cheap sweater. Or suppose the U.S. slaps a tariff on foreign sweaters and the foreign country retaliates by raising a tariff on something we're selling them—the people who would lose their jobs aren't even identifiable for sure, though for sure they exist. Likewise the people who lose jobs because shoppers who have to pay more for sweaters have less money to spend on other things.

It's by considering all these things—the risk of losing your job

one way minus the risk of losing it another, the extra money you make if your industry is shielded from foreign competition minus the extra money you pay for goods and services that are protected—that you reach the conclusion that on average, free trade benefits us all. Yes, there are various economic theories about circumstances in which all this may not be true, but their authors win prizes precisely because the circumstances are unusual. In general, the numbers work irrespective of what policies other countries follow. They just get worse if one country's trade restrictions lead other countries to impose more of the same.

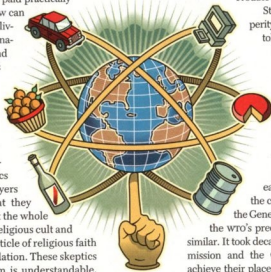
Trouble is, who's got time for all that math?

Still, a half-century of general prosperity in the U.S. has created a climate of toleration, if not enthusiasm, for the free-trade gospel—mostly, indeed, as a gospel of our civic religion rather than out of anyone's buying the math. Alarm about imports tends to ebb and flow with the economy—less in good times, more in bad. So how, in the best times ever, did the World Trade Organization become the global bogeyman? No earnest college kid ever hitched across the country to carry a picket sign against the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade,

the WTO's predecessor, although its function was similar. It took decades for the CIA, the Trilateral Commission and the Council on Foreign Relations to achieve their places in the pantheon of political paranoia. The WTO has joined them in just four years. And it is despised across the entire political spectrum, whereas these other groups symbolize evil only to one political extreme or the other.

Part of the explanation is the special nature of our current prosperity, which is widening the income gap rather than narrowing it, as in the past. Part is the growth of global economic forces that are actually impinging on national sovereignty, even though it's the paranoid hysterics who say so. But the WTO isn't responsible for either of these trends, both of which are probably inevitable and neither of which undermines the basic case for free trade or for an organization empowered to promote trade through binding arbitration of trade disputes.

Maybe it's the name. If you call yourself the World Trade Organization, you can't complain much if people dial your 800 number and gripe about world trade. If a bunch of heads of government plan a triumphalist self-celebration in Seattle, you can't blame party poopers for showing up to horn in on the publicity. But really, the WTO is O.K. Do the math. Or take it on faith. ■



Books.

[AT BARNES & NOBLE]

DK for Y2K

THE TOP 10 OF EVERYTHING 2000

by Russell Ash

Can you name Celine Dion's top ten U.S. singles? How about the world's top ten carbon dioxide-emitting countries? This full-color compendium is bursting with top ten lists of the biggest, best and worst of the millennium—from contact sports to vacation spots, from movie stars to teddy bears—all accompanied by a parade of enlightening details and vibrant photos. (Dorling Kindersley)

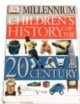
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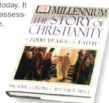


THE STORY OF CHRISTIANITY

by Michael Collins & Matthew Price

Scholars Collins and Price delineate the evolution of this extraordinarily diverse and culturally defining religion. Illustrated throughout with frescoes, paintings and more, this richly detailed history takes us from the Old Testament to today. It also provides an intriguing assessment of Christianity's future. (Dorling Kindersley)

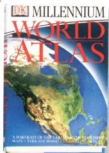
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The image shows the interior of a Chevrolet Silverado truck. A man wearing a cowboy hat, a denim jacket, and a red bandana is sitting in the driver's seat. The truck has leather seats and a spacious cab. The lighting is warm, suggesting a sunset or sunrise view through the windows.

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